



No. 18.—VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1893.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



Photo by Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.

MADAME MELBA.

THE LATEST OPERATIC TRIUMPH.

TEN MINUTES WITH MADAME MELBA.

"It was in Milan. I had just arrived, and was very tired. Desiring nothing in the world but quiet and repose, I absolutely refused to accept the invitation of a friend to dine and meet a young composer about whom he raved, but of whom I had never heard."

Madame Melba smiled with a charmingly depreciative gesture as she began her story in response to my question; her eyes were glowing with

soft excitement, while her voice betrayed just a tremor of emotion, which lent additional interest to what she was saying, and proclaimed how deeply moved she was by the success of the new opera, "I Pagliacci," in which she had so great a share.

"'But you must come,' insisted my friend," continued Madame Melba. "'I will take no refusal; he is a poor man, and I want you to help him, if you can, as he can help you.' Finally, more to please my friend than through any desire to meet a new composer, which is certainly not a *rara avis* in Italy, I consented. Ah! that was indeed a memorable dinner."

"What impression did this new and untried composer make upon you?"

"At the first glance," answered Madame Melba, "I was struck with the strength in his face. I have a penchant for studying physiognomy, and am rarely mistaken in my judgment. In the case of Leoncavallo I was more than right. I read poetry and eloquence, passion and power in every line of his expressive face, and before the dinner was half over I was as thorough a believer in the genius of the man as my friend was; and when he suddenly exclaimed, 'Will you create my Nedda in London?' quite carried away by his enthusiasm. I cried, 'Yes.' I have kept my word, with what results you and the public know best."

It was the morning after the first production of "I Pagliacci" at Covent Garden that Madame Melba and I sat *tête-à-tête* in her pretty boudoir at the Savoy Hotel, and with the echoes of her pure, melodious tones in the delightful love song of Nedda, and its wonderful pastoral accompaniment, descriptive of birds and flowers, still ringing in my ears, I must confess I felt inclined to express my opinion in rather glowing terms; but, repressing any such tendency to gush, I discreetly replied, pointing to the morning papers—

"The critics have forgotten their sting, and are quite lost in raptures over the new opera and your singing together with that of De Lucia."

"Ah! De Lucia's singing is wonderful," said Madame Melba, with genuine pleasure in her eyes. "He throws himself into the rôle of Canio with an *abandon* that is truly marvellous; I quite forget that he is only acting; his singing electrifies me; the love and jealous passion in his voice seems so real that for the time I am filled with a sort of terror. In fact, my arms are quite black and blue from the struggle in the death scene."

"I heard a well-known musical critic say that 'I Pagliacci' was more the success of singers than composer."

"That is not true!" vehemently exclaimed Madame Melba; "the music carries the artistes away, forcing them to act out and express the sentiment of the composer, and such a generous composer! Has he not given his singers every scope to do themselves justice—neglected no musical incentive, no matter how trifling, that would inspire the action and assist the voice? Leoncavallo taught me every note of the opera himself. I mastered it in one week. You should hear him sing it; he has no voice, but when he sings the music for me in that strange tone that is not a voice, but the ghost of one, with all the beauty of his own phrasing and expression, I am moved to tears."

"The new composer has in you, Madame Melba, a most eloquent advocate off the stage as well as on."

"I am glad to give that impression, for I think his work perfectly wonderful in its combination of comedy and tragedy; in fact, it expresses every phase of dramatic feeling. I believe Leoncavallo to be the composer of the future."

"Let us hope that your prophecy will prove true, and that we may have many such musical triumphs from his pen, and that he may be always as fortunate in such an *ensemble* of artists as that which delights us in 'I Pagliacci.' And now, Madame, may I ask how you liked your Italian audiences?"

"Oh! immensely. I had a lovely success in Milan. I made my début at La Scala as Lucia in March last, when Milan was all sunshine and blue skies. No doubt, the perfect weather had a little share in my success, as I can never sing with all the joyousness I love when the weather is cold, damp, and chilly. My success was secured from the outset, and the old Milanese declared they had not had such a Lucia for thirty years. They want me to return, but I am booked for America, where I sing for six months, beginning in September next."

"And I predict for you a most brilliant season. You will like the Americans, and they will adore you."

"You are kind, too kind, and the first to wish me success in that great country across the Atlantic," said Madame Melba, with a winsome smile, as I bade her adieu. But—*nous verrons*. A. C. DE B.

A CONCERT ON BEHALF OF THE DEAF.

The highest compliment that can be paid to the concert given last Friday at St. James's Hall, on behalf of the Training College for Teachers of the Deaf, was that it brought home to the mind the immense loss which the affliction of deafness entails. That one should never hear such sweet strains as came from M. Johannes Wolff's violin, such beautiful songs as those rendered by Madame Clara Samuëll, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Santley, is indeed sorrowful. Unlike many charity concerts, most of the advertised participants therein were noticeable by their presence. Signorine Rosina and Bice Cerasoli played duets prettily; Madame Marie Mely joined Mr. Santley in "La ci darem" with good effect; Chevalier Oberthür harped delightfully; the Comtesse de Castelvechio gave a costume recital, "Perdita," to a pleasant musical accompaniment. Miss Clara Butt achieved a triumph with "The Enchantress," being rapturously encored; while of Madame Clara Samuëll's tasteful singing it is needless to speak. The energy of the organisers of the concert will, it is to be hoped, result in additional interest in this excellent college at Ealing.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Every dog has his day, and every actor too. Any critic will tell you that he once saw X. play admirably, though he is universally admitted to be a duffer. I can recall many cases of actors whose glory was like that of "Single-speech" Hamilton. Thinking of this, it seems to me that the enthusiastic praise lavished upon Eleonora Duse on the strength of her performance in "Camille" is indiscreet. To declare, as some have, on such evidence that she is the equal of Bernhardt is absurd—to go into raptures about her "naturalness" and freedom from tricks and mannerism is equally rash. If we find that in other parts she has the same methods—is, in fact, Duse as *Fédora*, Duse as *Nora*, &c.—what about the "naturalness"? Will it then mean anything more than that there is a method natural to Duse as there is one to Bernhardt and another to Rehan? Will it be the case that her freedom from tricks and mannerism is really anything more than freedom from other people's tricks and mannerism?

Enthusiasm is a fine thing, particularly in a critic; but truth is a finer, though Vauvenargues wrote nobly when he said, "C'est un grand signe de médiocrité de louer toujours modérément." Now, to me the truth seems that, although her performance of *Camille* was in some respects deplorable, Duse is one of the greatest living actresses; but we cannot determine her exact position in the first class. After all, the part calls into play only the power of expressing a small portion of the human feelings, to exhibit which is the actor's task, and Duse does not express perfectly all of this small portion. Some people have admired her original reading of the part of the *hetaira*, who is partially purified by her passion for Armand, and dies in the odour of sanctity slightly flavoured with patchouli; but the new reading is an impossible one, and it is permissible to fancy that it has been adopted because of her inability to adopt the true reading.

What was *La Dame aux Camélias*? Indisputably a woman who voluntarily led a dissolute life, even if it was to some extent distasteful. When we first meet her she is a successful *cocotte*, moving in the society of women of her class and the men who frequent it. Then she loves Armand intensely and unselfishly, and goes to live with him, lawlessly but lovingly; yet she does not drop her acquaintance with the beings of her old half-world. Afterwards, for love and lover's sake, she resolves to set Armand free; still, her purifying passion has not burnt fiercely enough to make her feel that death is the only means. No, she goes back to her old life. I am not criticising Dumas: his work is true enough.

How does Duse handle it? What is the novel reading? She deliberately eliminates all the *demi-monde* flavour, and with great skill manages to create a feeling of purity, of respectability, even from the first. To talk scandal of such a creature as Duse paints would seem impossible; to believe that she could return to a vicious life when death is possible appears ridiculous. New reading?—it would be a new reading to give *Macbeth* a flavour of the Methodist minister, but none the better for being new.

The solution which I suggest is that Duse lacks womanliness, in a low sense of the term, and is no more capable of bringing out the suggestion of sex than was Mary Anderson. Indeed, in the Italian actress there is none of the feline charm that renders a Bernhardt or Rehan fascinating. One can imagine either of them—I apologise for the suggestion—a fashionable successor to Cora Pearl, but not believe anything of the kind possible in Duse. She has a hard, strong, eager, wilful face and a voice that seems to have no caressing power in it. One could listen with pleasure to the others if they were reciting the multiplication tables.

And now to give Duse her due. She is a wonderful actress. She can force her hard voice through the full gamut of emotion, and her pantomime is to the last degree expressive. Putting aside the complaint as to her concept of the part, I have nothing but admiration to express. In the boldest way she passed by traditional points, and made her effects with the minimum of apparent effort. Her versatility of gesture and movement is astounding, and—is it praise or blame?—she seems to seek the most natural gestures without considering whether they are graceful or not. Her performance in the last act is a perfect piece of workmanship. I may be tame in praise compared with others, yet I cannot conclude without saying that she is certainly an actress of the first class, and it may be that on seeing her in other parts I shall believe her first in the class.

The company was no better than was expected—perhaps, rather worse. It seems strange that her example has not been of more service to her fellow-players.

"A Casual Acquaintance," Mr. Cooke's play, produced at a *matinée* the other day, is certainly not strong enough for success in these times of theatrical disaster. Indeed, there seems little to say about it. The author has not hit upon a story of much interest, and his method of treatment is too old-fashioned to please a critic. In the acting there is praise to be given to two young players, Miss Ettie Williams and Mr. C. M. Hallard.

It is good news that Mr. Beerbohm Tree has resumed rehearsals of "An Enemy of the People," one of few social plays of Ibsen not yet produced in England. In two or three weeks hence, at a Wednesday *matinée*, the performance is to be given. Some of the worthy anti-Ibsenites, who have prophesied from time to time the early death of the movement, will be disgusted to see it spread to the Haymarket.—E. F. S.



SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE IN "CAMILLE."

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY," AT THE
ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

It is a terrible story that is told by Mr. Pinero, one irresistibly tragic as the old Greek drama and infinitely more moral. Directly, it is no question of suffering for the sins of others, but bitter expiation of one's own wrong-doing. Paula Wray, a woman gently brought up and educated, came to grief while too young to judge her acts, and once under water remained there till so acclimatised as to grow shameless. She ate of the tree of knowledge so greedily that in the end she seemed to have lost the distinction between good and evil as completely as Manon Lescaut. Yet she found a husband.

Aubrey Tanqueray wedded her as deliberately as one who volunteers for a forlorn hope. He knew marriage, knew that in seven cases out of ten it severs ties more close than those it forms. He had wedded "one of your cold sort, all marble arms and black velvet," an iceberg

her sweetheart, Captain Hugh Ardale, figured in Paula's burnt account of her life and lovers. He, a man with a normal standard of honour, though greatly shocked to find out who was Ellean's stepmother, thought that silence might salve everything, and begged and ordered Paula to hold her tongue. Unfortunately, the woman had never lost her native sense of honesty, and felt that to permit anything so terrible as a marriage of her former lover with her husband's daughter was impossible. She confessed to her husband the truth. To him naturally the right was obvious: he told his daughter that she could never marry Ardale, and when she asked why, begged her to believe blindly that he had good reasons for a prohibition that cut his heart almost as deeply as hers.

Ellean had much of the spirit of her sainted mother with the marble arms, and resolved not to see her happiness pass away without knowing the reason why; so, since her father would not tell, she came to her stepmother. Paula's face belied her lips, and the young girl swiftly guessed the ghastly secret.



that had not even thawed at the birth of a babe, and when she had finally melted away felt relieved and yet very lonely. The babe, a girl called Ellean, was sent to a convent, and threatened to take vows. Aubrey was warned against the marriage even by Paula, who offered him a written account of her life and lovers, and a *locus penitentie* with it. He burnt the document and married her.

Had they sailed away for a far land all might have been well, and we should have missed a masterpiece; but, unfortunately, they only went to Surrey, and nobody called except Ellean, who came home, to the alarm of her father and suffering of her stepmother; for the girl—goodness knows how—found out what Paula had been, but held her tongue, and coldly resisted all the poor woman's sincere efforts at affection. Certainly, it was not a happy family when Ellean was there, but it became far worse when, against Paula's wishes, the girl was taken away to Paris by a friend of her father's, a neighbour who called too tardily on Mrs. Tanqueray, and received a merciless snubbing.

Then it became a dog's life between husband and wife, without any barking, for they never spoke to one another during almost three weeks, save before strangers, and then only about the Home Rule Bill, or the wonderful drought, or other tedious matters. The strangers were bad enough, for, to spite her husband, Paula had invited to the house another fallen woman, more vulgar than herself, who had contrived to catch Sir George Orreyed, a brainless baronet called Dodo.

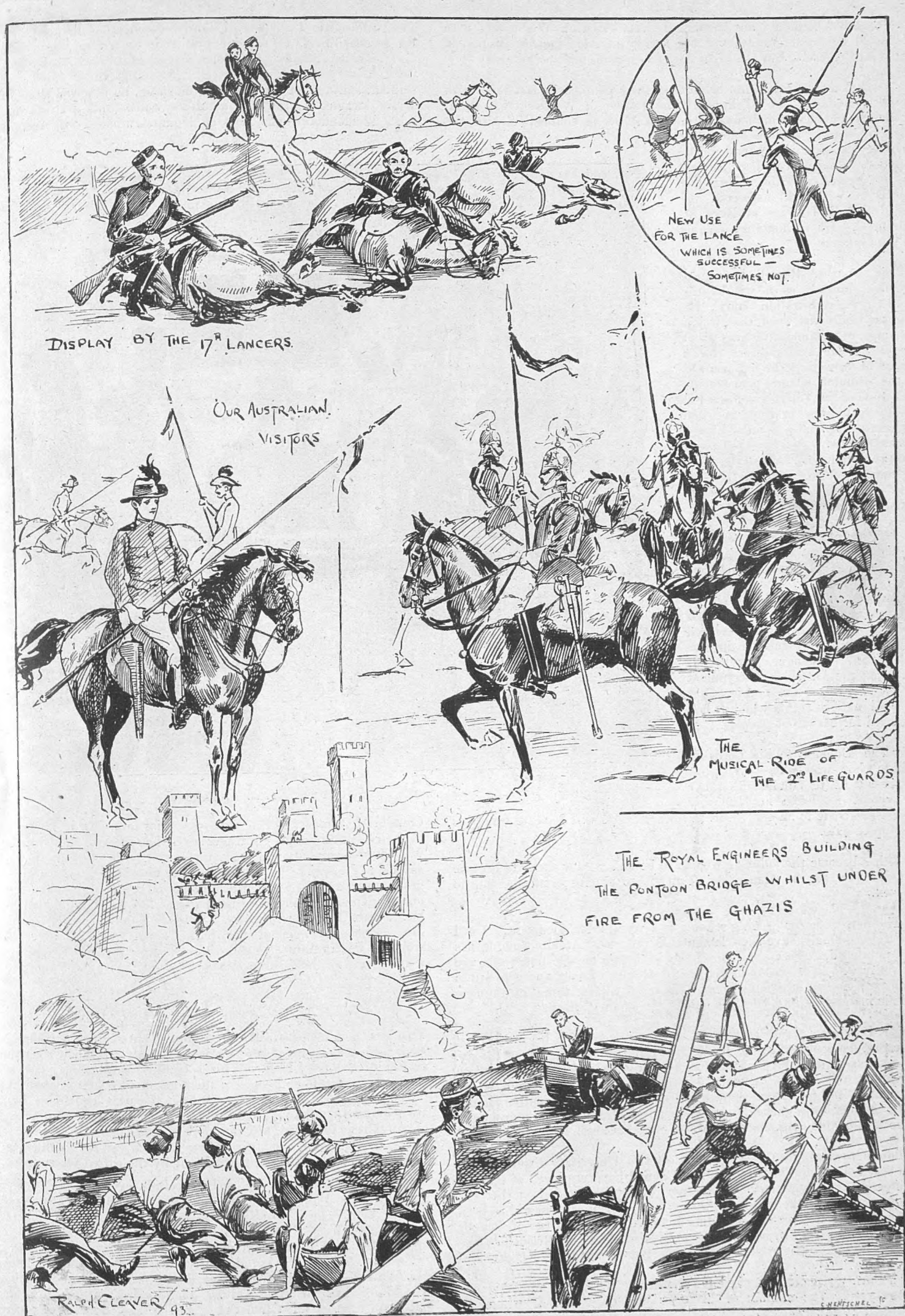
Unluckily, just as peace was restored, Ellean came back from Paris to report a proposal of marriage and ask *pro forma* for a consent, which, if necessary, she intended to dispense with. It happened, however, that

What was there left for Paula and her husband? He hoped for happiness if Ellean went to a convent and they left England; but the women knew he was wrong—knew that her empire over him was a house built upon the sand, since there was no reverence in the foundation, no tender respect. Grimly and with great courage she thrashed out the question with him in a long conversation. Convinced by herself that to live was worse than to die, she robbed herself of an ill-spent life.

It is a great play of which I have just told the tale, and one which, if space allowed, I would gladly analyse. As it is, where there is little fault to find and infinite matter to praise, I prefer to dwell a moment on its good qualities. To me it seems not merely the most powerful play of our times, but also the most moral. To every kind of human creature it preaches a lesson of tolerance or of awful warning. As a matter of art and technique it is a masterpiece, and definitely places its author in a rank which none of our dramatists have reached for many years.

Great plays not unfrequently bring out great acting, and it is the fact that Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the waste of whose ability at the Adelphi I have often deplored, has, by means of the new play, come to her own. We are the richer by a great play and by a great actress. What she may do in the future I cannot pretend to say, but I confidently assert that on Saturday Mrs. Patrick Campbell played a part of immense difficulty with an ability that not four living actresses could have equalled and none could have surpassed. Mr. George Alexander's acting also must be very highly praised, while Mr. Cyril Maude and the others deserve great commendation.

E. F. S.



THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The Queen's birthday was unofficially celebrated on Wednesday with the usual honours, notably by a big review at Aldershot, taken part in by 17,417 troops. But the great date of rejoicing will be Saturday.

Two yeomanry regiments celebrated their centenaries last week with great rejoicings. On Wednesday the Prince of Wales's Own Royal Wiltshire Cavalry, which was formed in 1793 in connection with the French scare, and is now the premier yeomanry regiment in the kingdom, was inspected at Devizes by the Prince of Wales. Next day the Duke of York inspected the Loyal Suffolk Hussars at Bury St. Edmunds. He is honorary colonel of the regiment.

Sir Charles Russell has quite excelled himself as a wit at the Behring Sea Arbitration Court. He told the Court last week that it was nothing but animal instinct that made the fur seals return for a period of from three to five months to the Pribyloff Islands, and not the solicitude of the Americans for them, which had been praised in such picturesque language by the United States counsel. Moreover, the seal was an intelligent animal that had no reason to prefer being brained with a cudgel on the islands to being shot with a rifle at sea.

His great point is that the United States has no right of property in individual seals, much less in a herd. The United States at first authorised pelagic sealing by the Indians, and now they refuse that right to the subjects of a civilised Power because they consider the race was placed in danger. He maintains that the American Government cannot deny to the subjects of civilised nations rights which it had admitted for barbarous peoples.

"The Duchess to his Lordship wouldn't bow-wow-wow"; but the result of this indiscretion, her subsequent residence in Holloway Castle, has come to an end. Mr. Arthur Roberts will have to bring his song up to date.

It has become the habit of woman to be odd. Now she is to become an Oddfellow, for the Manchester Unity is to extend its membership to the sex.

The new Code for evening schools is a remarkable document. Until now these schools have been lamentable failures. At any time, it has been pointed out, there are two millions of young people under the age of twenty who have acquired the fateful faculty to read, and who are in reach with no continuation school. The most notable thing in the new Code is instruction in "The Life and Duties of the Citizen."

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has scored another success, for he is the first actor that has lectured at the Royal Institution, which he did on Friday. His address on the "Imaginative Faculty" was a plea for the imagination as against the claims of mere culture and that ultra-realism which degenerates into photography pure and simple. The imaginative faculty has three enemies in existing society—academic training, the environment of the fashionable mob, and morbid self-consciousness.

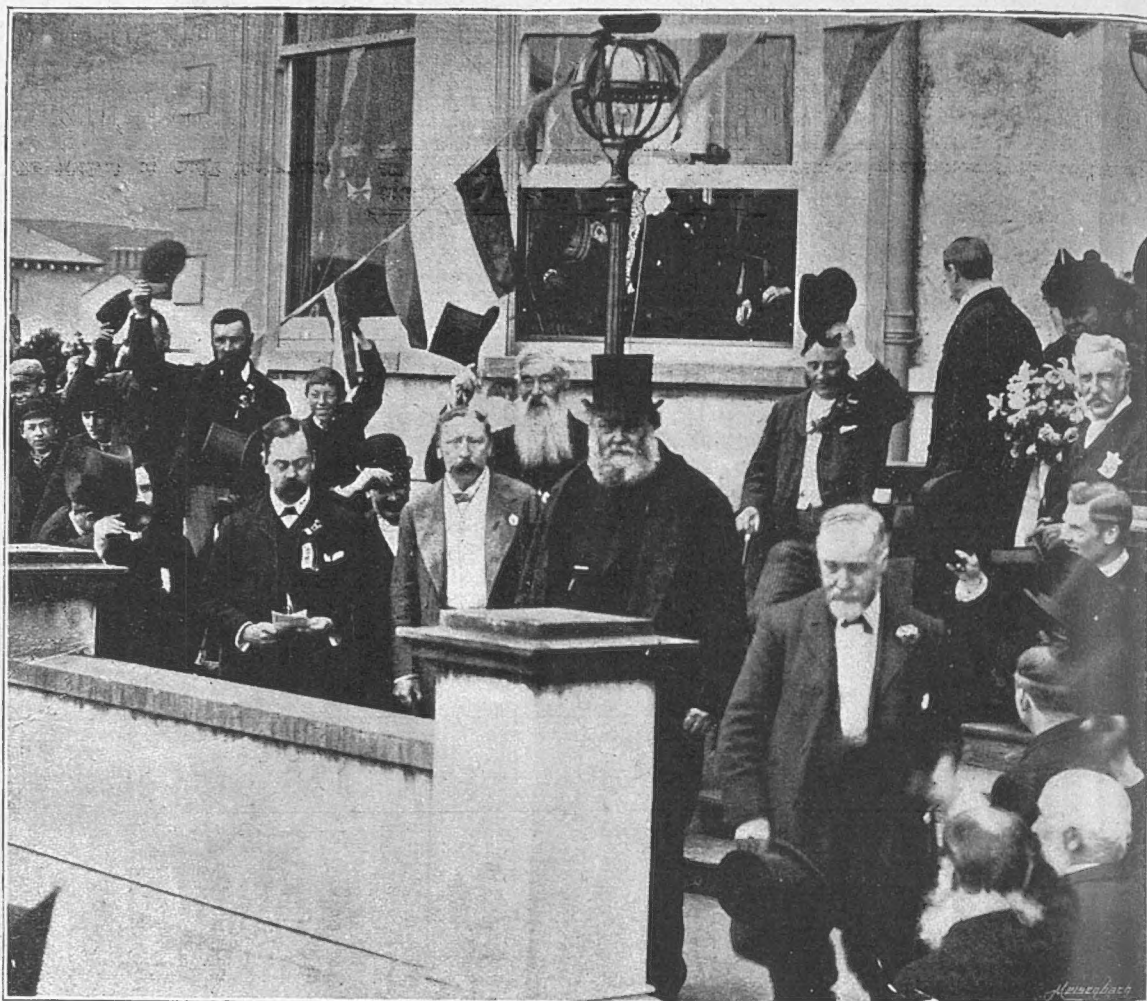
Points towards the settlement of two University disputes have been reached. The Cambridge Town Council have approved of the Bill transferring the summary jurisdiction heretofore exercised by the Vice-Chancellor to the borough justices. A sort of settlement has been reached also in the misunderstanding between the authorities of Bangor University and the Principal of the Ladies' Hall of Residence, the company which owns it having decided not to wind up the concern.

The anti-vivisectionists will have another bout over the annual return for the year. The number of licensees was only 180, of whom 55 performed no experiments. The total number of experiments was 3960.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen seem to have made Ireland their own. On arriving at Queenstown on Saturday evening from Chicago they were received with great enthusiasm, and the Mayor of Cork presented an address of welcome to them.

LORD SALISBURY'S VISIT TO ULSTER.

The enthusiastic Unionism of Lord Salisbury has induced him, despite his recent illness, to pay his first visit to Ireland. Accompanied by Lady Salisbury, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, and Lords Hugh and Edward Cecil, he set out on Monday week. Steaming slowly into Larne in the brilliant sunshine of the following morning, he descended from the bridge of the steamer a crowd of admirers waiting his arrival, among them Lord Londonderry—his host at Mountstewart—Lord Ashbourne, and



LORD SALISBURY'S ARRIVAL AT LARNE.

Photo by J. Boyd, Larne.

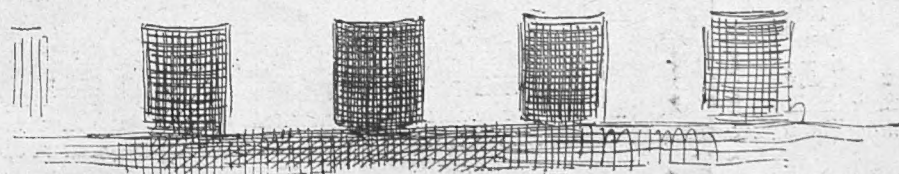
Captain McCalmont, M.P. That enthusiastic crowd has been indicative of the reception he has got wherever he has gone. The Olderfleet Hotel was gaily decorated, and from its steps Lord Salisbury made his first speech in Ireland. The Marchioness of Salisbury is shown in the photograph standing in the doorway, and around are Lord Londonderry and the other prominent members of the party. The crowd is hidden from view, but it quite filled the roadway. Lord Salisbury is being introduced to Mr. Foster, chairman of the Larne Town Commissioners. But this welcome was nothing compared to the greeting Lord Salisbury had in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, on Wednesday, and again on Thursday.

SOME SATURDAY FUNCTIONS.

Two blocks of ice, each, like St. Simon Stylites, upon a column, did not cool the enthusiasm of the audience at Mr. Clifford Harrison's fifth recital in Steinway Hall. With splendid restraint Mr. Harrison gave Victor Hugo's "Poor People"; then delighted everyone with Whittier's "The Garrison of Cape Ann" to music, and next convulsed his hearers with Jerome's amusing "Gossip on Cats and Dogs." Other selections on an extremely varied programme were Austin's "In the Month when Sings the Cuckoo" and Sir Edwin Arnold's "At Bethlehem," both beautifully set to piano accompaniment by the gifted elocutionist.

The last of the charming spring recitals given at St. Martin's Town Hall by Miss Florence Bourne and Mr. Alexander Watson took place on the 27th. Two entirely new selections by Richard Le Gallienne were recited by Mr. Watson in delightful style, and received with great appreciation. A quaint and clever "conceit" by Egan Mew, entitled "T'wards Arcadie," was piquantly rendered by Miss Bourne and Mr. Watson—the distant effect of dance music adding to the success. The quiet humour of "Knittin' the Stockin'" and Miss Bourne's excellent delivery of Olive Schreiner's "The Lost Joy" were both enjoyable. Instrumental music varied the recital, Signor Tito Mattei being encored for his piano solo, and Miss Amy Hickling giving two violin selections with considerable power. Concerted pieces, in which Miss Florence Phillips, Miss Hickling, and M. Lesimple took part, were an additional attraction. The last-named instrumentalist displayed admirable mastery over the 'cello.

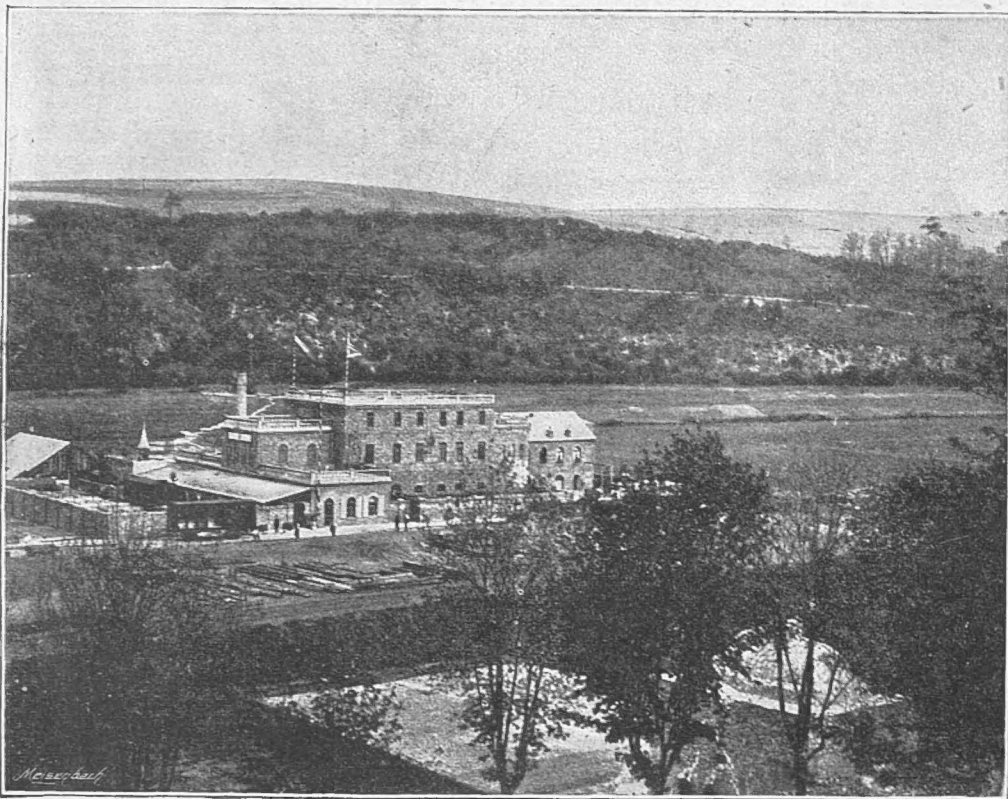
THE CARTOON OF THE WEEK.



THE END OF THE STRUGGLE.

A WELL OF WEALTH AND HEALTH.

Away in a corner of Germany resting on the Rhine, a portion of the fair province of Nassau, we find a pleasant tract of country, rich in its production of various kinds of mineral waters. Here, in the vicinity of the celebrated Taunus Mountains, are such well-known inland watering-places as Ems, Wiesbaden, and Homburg; and here



VIEW OF THE BOTTLING WORKS.

also are to be found some of those welcome, if rare, gifts of Nature—springs of pure water charged with carbonic acid gas, natural mineral water springs.

Leaving the Rhine at Coblenz, a centre of drill and military preparation, with the towering fortress of Ehrenbreitstein frowning upon us, we proceed by train up the valley of the Lahn—a stream which seems to be a Rhine in miniature, and yet, in a way, more beautiful than the larger river into which it empties itself, for its windings are more tortuous, and, instead of the stunted vines of the hillsides of the latter, the precipitous slopes are covered with trees, wooded from crest to stream, like the Thames at Cookham, or lovely Derwent at Matlock.

We proceed slowly—the oldest liner crossing the Atlantic would scorn the pace of the German Bummelzug, or stopping train—and as we pass the sleepy peasants in their blue blouses and aprons stop their work to gaze at the train, whose advent is probably the most exciting incident of the day.

At each station the station-master, uniformed and with crimson cap, stands at attention, his bearing and gait appearing to our English eyes more those of the drill-sergeant than the railway official. But in Germany the military instinct pervades everything. Almost every man has passed through the hands of the drill instructor, and he does not forget the useful lesson. But this eternal military stiffness of bearing is unpleasing to the eye; it is not picturesque, and one longs for the free carriage of the natural athlete.

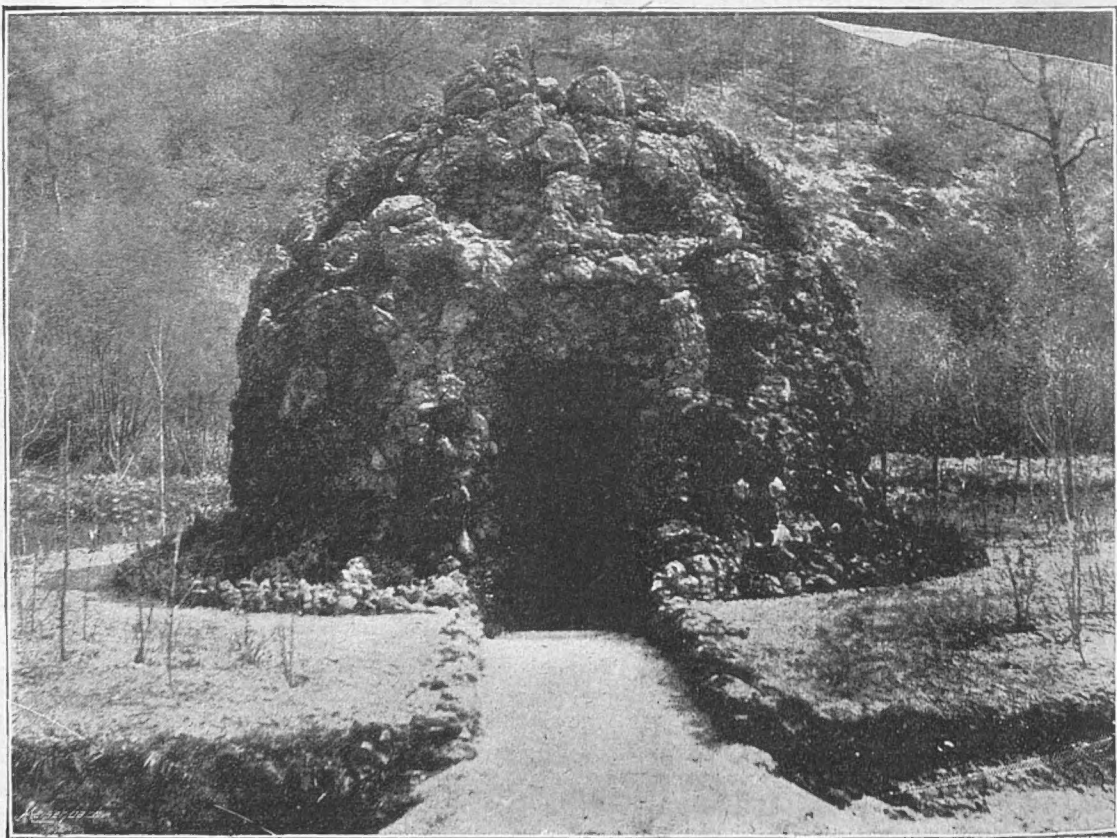
We pass the charming watering-place Ems, with its pretty villas and stately Bäder lining the stream. This was the favourite watering-place of the old Emperor William, and here occurred the celebrated interview, in 1870, between that monarch and the French Ambassador, Benedetti—an interview so fraught with momentous issues to the peace of Europe. And now we are going up the valley—a steep climb for the train—and the track is not laid in a way to meet with the approval of, say, the directors of our London and North-

Western Railway, and so we crawl along, wishing almost to get out and take a run ahead, and then wait for our conveyance to slowly overtake us.

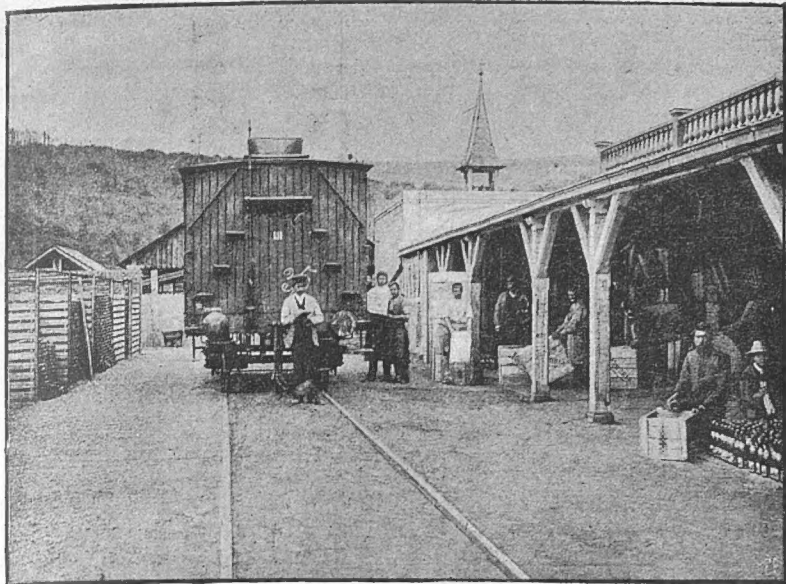
At length, however, the quiet and peaceful village of Zollhaus is reached, where is situated the wonderful spring that gives us the well-known Johannis Water. Zollhaus lies in a charming valley of the Aar, a few miles from the Lahn, at a great height from the sea, and its wooded slopes and rich pasture give it a secluded picturesqueness which at once enchants the visitor. About a quarter of a mile from the station—away, in fact, from any kind of habitation—at the foot of the hill, is the celebrated spring, secure in its situation from all drainage contamination. Covered by a dome-shaped erection, with ample ventilation, is a stone-walled well, and up this, almost to the surface, rises the clear, bubbling water. The well, with its concrete walls, has been sunk to the rock, and thus preserves the spring water from any admixture of surface water, while through the rock, to better regulate the supply, holes have been bored deep down to the store whence Nature delivers the mysterious liquid. Mysterious, indeed, for who can tell how she charges the water with the healthful gas, and how she stores it in the recesses of the bosom of mother earth, whether she keeps it there in a liquid, solid, or gaseous state before it joins the fluid which it causes to sparkle and bubble in crystal goblet?

From this well go the pipes along which the water is pumped to the works, and these we now proceed to visit. Filling the bottles is not the simple matter we had supposed; it is, indeed, a scientific industry. The water, as coming from the spring, is not, it appears, always uniformly charged with gas. In wet weather it differs considerably from its condition after a drought, and, again, at different seasons of the year, and so it becomes necessary to correct this variation and charge the water with a strength of gas as it exists in the water before it rises to the surface of the spring. This is done by separating the gas from the water as it enters the works, a process effected by suction, for while the water precipitates itself upon and rushes through a mass of glass fragments contained in large cylinders the gas escapes, is pumped off, compressed, and stored in gasometers, the water the while going into tanks, where it is allowed to stand for a few hours in order that it may deposit any admixture of iron. It is not desirable that the iron should be retained in a natural mineral water, for it would not then blend so softly with wines and spirits, with which it is largely consumed. The water then passes through cylinders, wherein the gas is returned to it in fixed quantity, and it is then ready for bottling.

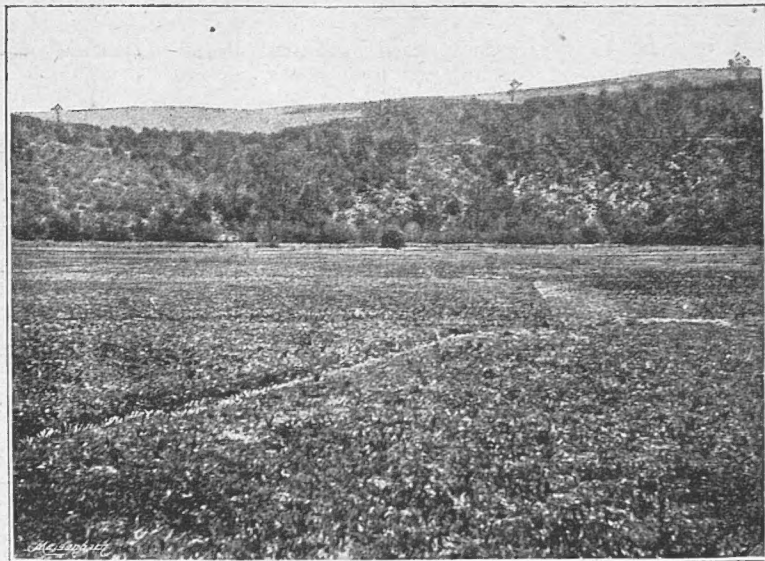
In another part of the establishment clean and comely German maidens are busy filling, corking, and wiring the bottles. They are stalwart lasses, these German country girls, plain in feature, perhaps,



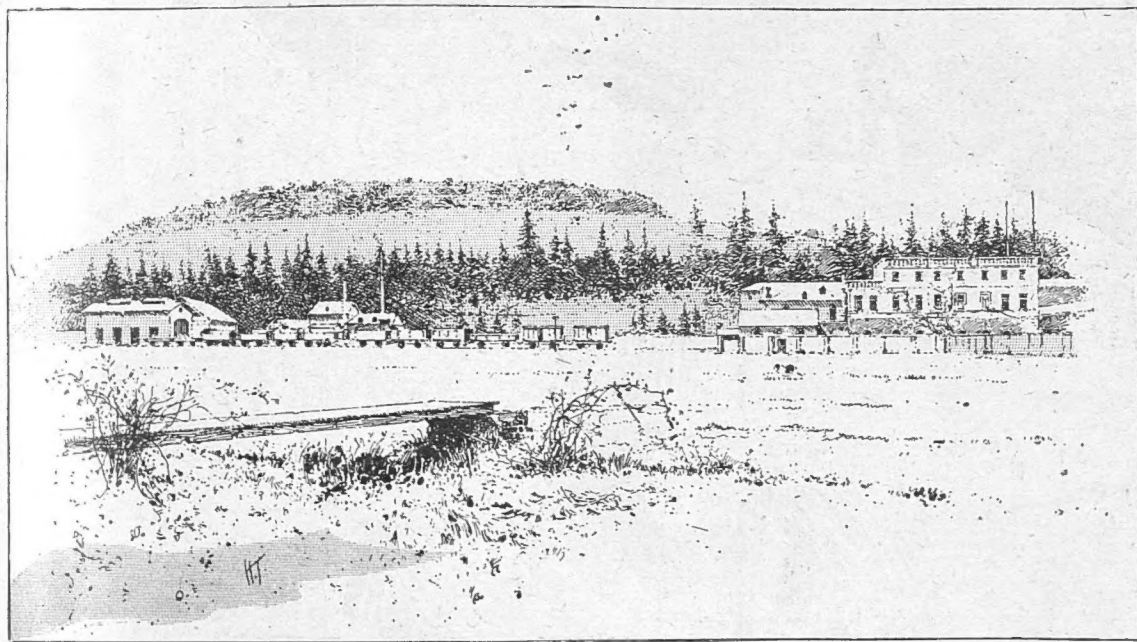
THE SPRING.



THE LOADING YARD.



DISTANT VIEW OF THE SPRING.



THE BOTTLING WORKS, FROM THE VALLEY.

and with waists that would horrify the London ball-room Miss, but hale and hearty and strong. Gretchen will walk four or five miles to her work at six o'clock in the morning, and away home again in the evening, well content with the wages earned, and safely putting the greater part away in the thrifty peasant's long-stocking to provide herself with a dowry for the time when Fritz, having served his term in his regiment, comes home to claim her for his wife.

In the yard we see the loading of the cases on the railway trucks, bound for London, New York, and other centres where the Johannis Company have their offices or agents, and then we gather some further facts about the spring and the company's business.

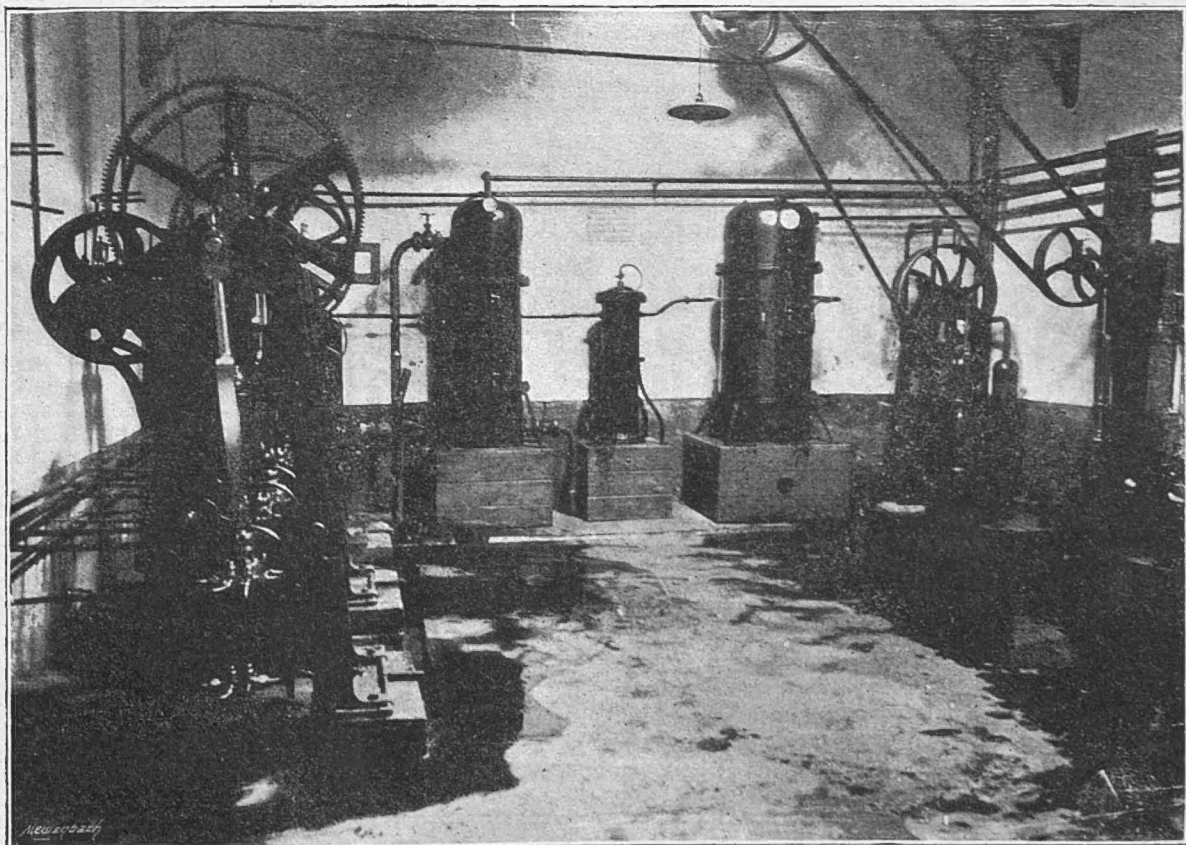
The capacity or yield of the former is 35,000 gallons a day, and so much is this particular water becoming appreciated in England and elsewhere, that the company's business has doubled itself during the past year. Indeed, so general has the consumption of mineral waters become in England, and so much are those waters coming into

favour which Nature has herself aerated for our use, that the Johannis, which is unsurpassed for purity and healthful character, bids fair to again double its sale during the ensuing year. The carbonic acid gas which it contains is of unusual purity, its chemical analysis showing that 100 parts contain 99.92 pure carbonic acid.

The temperature of the water is the same winter and summer, while the freshness is retained for several days after the bottles are uncorked. Its ever cool and refreshing character is to the consumer its great charm. It is hardly necessary to add that the electric light sheds its gentle glow upon the various departments.

To a traveller who yearns after unfrequented places, unknown as yet to the pilgrims under Mr. Cook's genial guidance, a visit to Zollhaus remains a pleasing memory and an interesting spot.

G. K.



A CORNER OF THE PUMP ROOM.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

No more need to grumble and growl about the interminable drought, thank goodness! During the last week rain has fallen and fallen heavily, and in abundance, and, although some of the crops have been irretrievably lost, the remaining ones will be all the more plenteous and early. In the south, unfortunately, there were fearful storms, that raged with such fury that the vines were completely destroyed by hailstones literally as big as pigeons' eggs, and weighing thirty grammes, or about an ounce avoirdupois. The places that most suffered thus were Vigan, Bessèges, and St. Césaire, while floods were reported in the rivers Cèze, Gardon, and Rhone.

The State has bought the following pictures exhibited in the Salon—Denduyts' "Les Bûcherons"; Souza-Pinto's "Au Coin du Feu"; Gasq's "Héro et Léandre," bas-relief in plaster; Lechevre's "L'Histoire Enregistre la Découverte de l'Archéologie," bronze plaquette. From the Exposition du Champ de Mars—Billotte's "Enceinte de Paris, Fin du Jour"; V. Binet's "Derrière la Ferme, Automne"; Cottet's "Rayons du Soir, Port de Camaret"; Edelfelt's "Journée de Décembre, Finlande"; A. Harrison's "Marine, La Lune"; Lhermitte's "La Mort et le Bûcheron"; Montenard's "La Poussière"; A. Renan's "Sapho"; Dampit's "Le Baiser de l'Aïeule," in marble; Constantin Menier's "Puddleurs," bas-relief in bronze; Saint Marceaux, bust of Dagnan-Bouveret, in bronze.

The sale of all the late M. Meissonier's small, unimportant pictures and sketches realised the sum of £89,000. The smallest and roughest of them fetched quite fabulous prices, and the sale went from beginning to end with great rapidity and unexampled bidding.

The Princess of Wales and her two daughters were at the Hôtel Bristol for one day, on their way home, and managed to do a great deal in that short time. They arrived early in the morning, and received shortly afterwards Lord and Lady Dufferin, Comte Louis de Turenne, Mr. and Mrs. Phipps, and several others. Their Royal Highnesses lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Standish, after which the young Princesses went out shopping with Miss Knollys, while the Princess drove in the Bois with Mrs. Standish in a victoria. I just caught a peep of the royal lady, and was agreeably surprised to find her looking quite bright and animated, and just as sweet and lovely as ever.

General and Mrs. Meredith Read gave a dinner recently in honour of the first United States Ambassador, Mr. James B. Eustis. All the staid and political male world was there, and the menu was befittingly serious. It was as follows: Melon glacé; Potages tortue à l'anglaise et St. Germain; Carpe farcie à l'andalouse; Quartier de mouton à la Neva; Cailles braisées aux laitues; Timbale gauloise; Sorbets au marasquin; Jeunes paons de Naples truffés; Salade Suzette; Haricots verts maître d'hôtel; Glace javanaise; Gaufrettes; Dessert. Quite a cosmopolitan, round-the-world-in-sixty-minutes kind of dinner! What had the poor United States done, though, that no national dishes were forthcoming, even if they had gone out? The homard à l'américaine was conspicuous by its absence, to say nothing of the homely pumpkin squash. I always thought the Americans such patriots, too!

Mrs. Moore, the popular American lady of whom so many amusing anecdotes relative to her rendering of the French language are told, and who enjoys them herself so much, gave a big reception last week at her new mansion in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne "pour pendre Mlle. de la Crémallière." First, there was a dinner, *le plus select*, served at seven separate tables, ten covers at each, followed afterwards by a huge "At Home," with music, recitations, and theatricals, all by professionals; next a cotillon, and finally a sit-down supper. Mrs. Moore can justly claim to be one of the best hostesses and entertainers in Paris, her parties not only being most brilliant, but, better still, invariably going with great *entrain* and gaiety. Among the guests were the Duc and Duchesse de Luynes, Comtesse d'Haussonville, Duc and Duchesse de Morny, Prince de Sagan, Duc de Gramont, Mrs. Algernon Burke, &c.

Citizen Leroy, Anarchist, afforded great amusement to the world in general last week. He wants to be elected to the Académie Française, and to further his interests in this matter he dressed himself up as a Brazilian general, and, escorted by a wagonetteful of fellow-Anarchists and journalists, he proceeded to pay a visit to each bona-fide "Immortel." When an Academician was not at home Leroy left his visiting card in a sort of iron pot, the same shape as the *marmite* which caused the dreadful explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants. He always gave instructions to the servants not to kick the pot, to their unmitigated terror and horror, as they very naturally failed to see any joke connected with dynamite, however remotely. At the house of M. Pailleron, 1, Quai d'Orsay, the door was opened by a *valet de chambre*, who had a dish of veal in his hand, which he promptly let fall to the ground at the strange spectacle. M. Pailleron being away, his son refused to allow them to enter, so, dropping a *marmite* into the valet's apron, and telling him to inform his master that his house is "le monde où l'on s'ennuie," the party proceeded on their way to the Institute itself, where they were all photographed. The more serious ones of the party confess that their object is to lower an old institution in the public esteem by covering it with ridicule.

MIMOSA.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The young Raja of Kapurthala, by the remarkable speech he made in replying for India at the London Chamber of Commerce banquet to Lord Roberts on Wednesday evening, showed that the Sikh is enthusiastically loyal to our rule, not merely as a soldier, but as an orator as well. As a member of what he called "the splendid community of Greater Britain," he was a conspicuous figure at the opening of the Imperial Institute, and the hearty reception he got on that occasion has thoroughly completed his enthusiasm for this country, awakened in him long since by the "noble acts and the noble life" of the Empress of India.

It was at Florence, the other month, that the Raja first experienced the charm of the Queen's welcome, and the charm of the visit was mutual, for the Queen expressed her surprise at the Raja's excellent knowledge of our language. He is also a master of French, and while at Rome fairly astonished the King of Italy, who for some time thought the young Prince must have received his education on the Continent. Yet this is



Photo by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

THE RAJA-I-RAJAGAN OF KAPURTHALA.

the first occasion on which he has left his native shores. His grandfather, the brave Randhir Singh, after rendering valuable services in the Mutiny, died at Aden, when on his way to pay homage to his Sovereign, Queen Victoria. Men of the Raja's stamp deserve a warm welcome from the people of this land, and we are glad to learn that his Highness is thoroughly enjoying his stay among us. He has been received by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the Royal Family. His Highness will probably visit Birmingham, Manchester, and Edinburgh before bidding farewell to England early in June.

The Canadians purpose making the longest telephone in the world, connecting Halifax and Vancouver with a copper trunk metallic line, a distance of 3500 miles.

The snowfall in the Rocky Mountains along the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad during the past winter was 39 ft., which is only ten inches short of the unprecedented fall during the winter of 1885. Yet the Canadian Pacific railway line was never blockaded beyond a few hours at a time.

The richest man in Australia is a squatter, Mr. James Tyson. He has just been appointed a member of the Legislative Council of Brisbane.

New Zealand should be dear to the temperance party, for since 1878 the consumption of alcohol has fallen off 48 per cent., of imported ale 60 per cent., and of local beer 22 per cent.

Sir John Thurston, Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, is cruising in the South Seas, to which the Imperial Government have extended his jurisdiction.

"New finds are occurring daily. Crashings everywhere successful; wonderful development proceeding in every district; reefs certainly improve as depth increases." That is the latest from Mashonaland.

A TRAVELLER AT HOME.

A CHAT WITH DR. H. RAYNER, OF THE
GRENADIER GUARDS.

An Englishman, and more particularly an English sportsman, is just as much at home in an African jungle as he is in the *rus in urbe* of the Green Park, and there was nothing inappropriate in the fact that it was



Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

DR. RAYNER.

in the comfortable smoking-room of the Isthmian Club, Piccadilly, that I enjoyed a talk with Dr. Rayner about his recent trip to the Dark Continent with the Anglo-Portuguese Delimitation Commission.

"Yes; the expedition was the outcome of a row," said Dr. Rayner in answer to my first question. "Mr. Rhodes's South Africa Company had come into collision with the Mozambique Company at Massikessi, in May 1891, over the possession of Massikessi and the parts round about it."

"Of much value?"

"Oh, yes—goldfields galore. The Manicaland fields, you know. Well, the two countries wanted a boundary defined, and the Anglo-Portuguese Convention agreed to one within certain limits, and it was to indicate this line that the Commission was despatched."

"Was the Commission a large one?"

"There were Major Leveson, of the Royal Engineers, H.M. Commissioner, Captain Grant and Lieutenant Wilson, also of the Engineers, Captain Lawrence, of the Rifle Brigade, and myself, and five non-commissioned officers of the R.E. Captain Chamley-Turner joined us later in the interests of the British South Africa Company, and we had six policemen of the same company as escort."

"Your own share of the expedition, medicine mitigated by sport?"

"Exactly. It was on March 19 last year that the Commission started. We landed at Beira, at the mouth of the Pungwe River, up which we went seventy miles in boats, en route for Massikessi."

"Any sport?"

"Very little. Shot a couple of buck—that was about all. Then we got to Mapandas, and then did a hundred and seventy miles on ponies we had brought from Natal."

"Still no sport?"

"Not yet. We had to make our way through grass of an enormous height—ten or twelve feet, and so thick that even so long as we could use horses we often could not see their heads, as the grass closed over them and shut them out. We were following a Kaffir path, barely a couple of feet wide. Our horses died before we reached Massikessi from the bite of the tsetse fly, which is fatal to all domestic animals."

"Including man?"

"No. The wretched little pest, which is no bigger than a house-fly, but with crossed wings, although so deadly poisonous to animals, does not affect human beings."

"So that Sydney Smith's plump young cadet as a mosquito trap would be——"

"A superfluity. Well, we did from fourteen to twenty miles a day through the bush, with only our white servant, but about a hundred and



RESULT OF A DAY'S SPORT: DISTRIBUTING THE MEAT TO THE CARRIERS.

seventy native servants and bearers. A very tractable and useful lot of people, too; not fighters at all. As we went along we would see the fresh spoor of the buffalo, but we could not get a glimpse of the animals themselves for the forest of grass. This grass grows long until July or August, then the natives burn it, and very soon it begins to sprout again, and attracts plenty of game."

"That, then, is the sportsman's opportunity?"

"Quite. Buffalo—I have seen as many as a couple of thousand in a herd—antelopes, of which there are over thirty varieties in South Africa, and lots of lions, which we often heard roaring all night close to us on the banks of the Pungwe River."

"Then the account given by Lord Randolph——"

"Oh, yes, quite accurate, of course; for you know I was one of his party. After six weeks at Massikessi, determining questions of longitude, geographical position, and so on, we turned southward, doing seventy miles through the bush, and with shorter grass, as we were on land two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level, and the vegetation was really like a forest of stunted trees, the mopani, acacia, and wild loquat, which bore a delicious and very luscious fruit about the size of an apricot, which ripens about October."

"Any trade done in them, Dr. Rayner?"

"No; they would not keep for packing and exportation, more's the pity."

"May be a canning company will exploit them, some day?"

"May be; the 'some day' of Africa is full of all sorts of delightful possibilities. Then we came to Chimanimani, a most impressive range of mountains, the principal being 7500 ft. high, and approached through a narrow pass or défilé, from which the views are simply magnificent. There is a small kraal here, with a queer old nigger chief, Shekugwa. The going was very bad in parts, nothing but the usual native paths which they make from kraal to kraal, just for their personal convenience. There is nothing approaching a highway, so that you may often have to



LIEUTENANT WILSON AND NATIVES BUILDING A BEACON ON THE FRONTIER.

go twenty miles along these paths before you reach a place not ten miles distant."

"Do these natives do anything for a living?"

"For their living, yes; but nothing more. They cultivate mealies, bananas, and so on, but only enough for their own consumption. Their great treat is a brewing, and Kaffir beer is uncommonly good—stodgy and gruelly, but very good, when you get to like it."

"An acquired taste?"

"Yes, but it is really good, and, I believe, by heroic efforts it is possible to get screwed upon it. When there has been a brew in an African kraal the natives come out of their huts, sit round in a circle, and drink till it is all gone. After leaving Chimaniani the path rose gradually to a high plateau, where the grass was shorter. We had six-and-twenty miles of this, and here we got some capital shooting—chiefly eland. We heard of a number of buffalo there, but did not get sight of them. When we reached the southern edge of this plateau we found there was a very steep descent—two thousand feet in two or three miles. All this part of the route was on the watershed of the Bosi River, a well-watered district, with quite lovely scenery and a very pleasant and healthy climate, dry and cool and comfortable. The whole plateau is good travelling, with just patches of bush, and the main part undulating grass. But when you get to the Lusitu River it is all altered again. There is a large kraal; indeed, all this part of the country is thickly populated; the grass is long again, and the vegetation generally of a tropical nature. We established dépôts here and at other places on the road that we might ensure an unfailing supply of suitable food. The natives still hunt with bows and arrows, and their custom of tom-toming and drinking on the occasion of a death in the kraal is rather odd, and reminds one somewhat of an Irish wake."

"And how did the general health of the Commission keep during the journey?"

"On the whole, good. Touches of malarial fever and that sort of thing were not uncommon; but a little quinine worked wonders. It was a joint Commission, as you know. There was one death, and that was a great blow to me. Well, we had more than two hundred miles of the Bosi watershed country, and a good time it was. Excellent sport—eland and some splendid types of antelope altogether. One bull stood seventeen hands at the wither, and weighed, I should think, nearly two thousand pounds."

"As big, in fact, as a prize ox at Smithfield?"

"Quite. We shot three splendid fellows. We went on to the junction of the rivers Lunde and Sabi, which was a fixed point in the boundary. There we established another dépôt, and I stopped to nurse the officer who was ill. The rest of the journey, to the Limpopo River, was a bad one, north-east of the Transvaal, but the return journey was very jolly. We got a lot of sport, and came across some lions. We wounded a couple, but the grass was thick and they escaped into the bush. The chief of our responsibilities was over, and we had a good time with our rifles—shot ninety-nine head altogether. Then we had a further expedition eighty miles north, to within a hundred miles of the Zambesi; then back to Massikessi and homeward by the Pungwe River, where we got plenty of sport, and I managed to shoot four hippopotami. We got home about mid-January, having been away altogether about ten months."

"And is the work of the Commission absolutely finished?"

"No. The result of the expedition is now under the consideration of the Commissioners, but the rainy season stopped the work before it was completed."

"Then there may be a second expedition?"

"Probably."

"And to whom will the goldfields round about Massikessi belong, assuming that the Anglo-Portuguese Commissioners decide that that part of the country is British territory?"

"Oh, to the Chartered Company—the British South Africa."

Then, with a promise of some photographs taken in Africa, including one of himself in his exploring get-up, Dr. Rayner shook me by the hand and left me to bring my mind back from the green pasture of the Bosi plateau to Piccadilly, the prosaic but ever pleasant.

A. G.

With the exception of the happily small minority who are members of such institutions as the Lord's Day Observance Society, the English are, we are glad to say, learning to enjoy their Sunday, not in the dreaded Continental fashion, but in a thoroughly rational manner. The Queen, though an enthusiastic admirer of Scotland and the Scotch, does not share with her northern subjects the opinion that music on the "Sawbath" is a sin and a snare, and when at Windsor she invites the good people of the royal borough to participate in the delights of a first-rate military band. There are hundreds of parsons, too, who do not consider fresh air and exercise incompatible with religion. Such Sunday afternoons as one remembers with horror thirty years ago, when the juveniles sat mute and spiritless, while the elders pretended to read devotional works (often upside down), are, thank goodness, almost a thing of the past. Why green fields and blue skies, woods and copses, the sweet reaches of the river, or the delights of the rolling ocean should be stumbling-blocks and rocks of offence one cannot see. In lovely weather one feels that the melancholy and sententious Jaques was right, and that sermons may be preached by Nature more eloquent than those to be heard in stately church or homely chapel, and lessons learned from stones and running brooks as useful as those taught in great cathedrals or Salvation Army barracks.

ALL ABROAD.

The foreigner has been too well treated in France. That is the opinion of M. Maurice Barrès, who was returned for Nancy in the Boulangist interest a few years since. He denounces the "cosmopolitan charlatans who encumber Paris," and declares that 20,000 foreigners are yearly convicted in the criminal courts; 10,000 are sheltered in night refuges.

His figures with regard to foreign workmen are interesting. Six thousand foreigners are employed in chemical works, 92,000 in the building trades, 30,000 in iron, 59,000 in textile industries, 63,000 in the manufacture of clothing, 38,000 in professions, 110,000 are farmers or colonists, 97,000 are agricultural landowners, and 176,000 are tradesmen, 57,000 of the number keeping hotels or places of refreshment.

These figures give much point to the curious incident that has occurred in connection with the sitting of the International Miners' Congress at Brussels. Two of the French delegates were ordered out of the country for their part in the recent riots in France, caused by the importation of Belgian workmen. The Congress has decided in favour of the eight-hours day, and of a universal strike to bring it about if the various Parliaments will not grant it.

M. Arton, one of the Panama gang, has been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude by default for misappropriation of the funds of the Société de Dynamite, and to five years' loss of civil rights, a fine of 400,000 fr., and costs for the attempted corruption of one of the defendants in the Panama trial.

The recent drought has cost France, in the way of damaged crops, no less than 800,000,000 francs. Torrential rains have followed the drought in Italy. In Germany the drought of the past month has been unparalleled.

France has few more bitter enemies in regard to its occupation of Madagascar than the *News*, published at Antananarivo. Its contention, very vigorously put, practically is that France is a tyrannical master, and is so through British indifference. It also insists strongly on the strategic importance of the island, especially to British-Australasian trade via the Cape.

In France the course of events in Madagascar rouses much bad feeling against England. M. de Mahy believes that an expedition to the island would bring the Hova Government to its knees. He also holds very strongly that Methodist influence has nullified the efforts of France since the days of Louis Philippe. The Wesleyans should be proud.

The Pan-Slavist jubilee was celebrated in St. Petersburg on Wednesday. Professor Pipin, in the *European Messenger*, declares that Russia has sacrificed enough money and blood in the Slav cause, and the equivalent has been economically nothing—absolutely nothing.

At the Congress of German Philologists held at Vienna last week great interest was exhibited in the English section.

The resignation of the Italian Cabinet over the rejection of the estimates of the Ministry of Justice has not been accepted by the King, but there are new Ministers of Justice and Finance.

The marking of load-lines on merchant ships has been made compulsory in Spain.

Earthquake shocks have been experienced in Thessaly and Attica. Thebes seems to have been the centre of the disturbances.

The Jew has got a little benefit in Turkey, for the Sultan has decided that Hebrews may serve in his army.

While Europe is making preparations to grapple with cholera, it is reassuring to learn that Dr. Haffkine, a young Russian savant, has discovered an anti-cholera vaccine, with which he has been vaccinating hundreds of people at Agra, including the general in command. The British authorities have given him every assistance.

The farmer in America is no happier than he is on this side. He is suffering from overproduction, with a view to supplying the European markets. At the same time, the European countries have been redoubling their efforts to produce what is required for home consumption, and the competition of India and the South-American States has continually increased.

Japan is anxious to forward emigration. Large numbers have already gone to the Sandwich Islands and America, and the next place to be invaded will possibly be Australia—Queensland, in particular—where they will certainly complicate the coolie question.

SMALL TALK.

To most of us, of course, Maria Malibran is but a splendid tradition, for she breathed her last at the Manchester Festival seven-and-fifty years ago. It has been to me an almost lifelong regret that I never saw her, for in my boyhood I heard many stories of her artistic triumphs from one who knew her well. Now, in M. Legouvé's "Sixty Years of Recollections" I once more renew my acquaintance with the great artiste, her soul of "fire and dew," her indomitable spirit, her dramatic inspirations, and her conquering personality. I have in my possession a charming likeness of Malibran, given me by the friend I have mentioned. It was drawn by Decaisne and published in London between sixty and seventy years ago. It represents the *prima donna* as Desdemona, and when I look at the oval face, the low, broad brow, the rather large but expressive mouth, and the wonderful eyes, which even here seem to swim in some "indescribable electrical fluid," I can well believe every word her enthusiastic biographer says of her.

Angelo Mascheroni, the Italian composer, whose charming songs are fast earning him a reputation for real artistic work in musical circles, is at present the guest of Madame Patti at her magnificent castle in Wales. The ever green and ever popular diva, who is always ready to encourage genuine talent, thinks highly of the composer's work, and at the Albert Hall, early next month, she will sing an "Ave Maria" recently written by her gifted countryman.

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" and in the case of Keetley versus Fletcher great indeed was their disagreement with regard to the question of fees. My own feeling in the matter was one of supreme thankfulness that I was not compelled to make a journey under their charge at my charges. One gentleman thought five hundred guineas none too much to bring a patient from Spain to England. Another considered a trifle of one hundred guineas would be about the figure for this *pas de deux*. There was a talk of mileage that carried one back to the days of post-chaises; fourteen shillings for every mile traversed in going and coming being the nice little sum named, and a trifle of eight guineas an hour while actually attending the victim thrown in. None of these learned gentlemen had the very slightest sympathy with the views of that historic young lady who "when asked for her fee replied fiddle-de-dee," and in one respect their evidence was unanimous—like the marriage service, it ended in "amazement" at the moderation of the charges in question.

With Mr. J. H. Daniell, the senior partner of the big firm of stock-brokers, Mullens, Marshall, and Co., one of the most familiar figures on the Stock Exchange and in the Stock Departments of the Bank of England has passed away. Mr. Daniell's square-shouldered, burly form, almost clean-shaven face, and grand-old-man collars were much in evidence in the Stock Exchange demonstration against Home Rule but a few weeks ago, on which occasion he was delightfully hit off by that clever caricaturist "F. C. G.," who must have been familiar with his most striking points for many a year. Mr. Daniell's firm are not only the brokers to the Government, but to the Bank of England, and there cannot be many men living who have bought and sold so largely in Government stocks as the late Mr. Daniell, who for about half a century has passed his time among the "bulls and bears" of Capel Court.

Charlotte, Lady Shelley, who has lately died at Posbury House, near Crediton, must not be confused with the widow of the late Sir Percy Shelley, the only son of the great poet, who is still alive. Both families of Shelley spring from the same ancestor, who derived his name from the Manor of Shelley, in Kent, of which he was lord in the time of the first Edward. The late Lady Shelley was the widow of the eighth baronet, the title having been bestowed on John Shelley in 1611, while the baronetcy held by the junior branch was only created in 1806 in favour of the poet's grandfather, Sir Bysshe, and the title expired with his son, Sir Percy, but a year or two ago. His widow, a most cultivated and charming lady, enjoys, I am sorry to say, but indifferent health, and can no longer take her place in the intellectual circle in which she was a prominent figure a few years ago. She passes most of her time in her delightful house, Boscombe Manor, where she is surrounded by many priceless memorials of our sweetest singer.

We are told that our modern audiences have cultivation, discrimination, appreciation, and all sorts of excellent qualities that were absent in the bad old times. No doubt this assertion is correct, and yet one is sometimes inclined to doubt it. At Covent Garden, last week, when Giulia Ravogli had sung that magnificent "Che farò" with all the pathos and passion that the situation and the glorious music demand, a lady who sat immediately in front of me remarked, as the curtain fell on the artiste's finely expressed despair, "I don't call her a bit pretty." "Orfeo" was followed by "Cavalleria," and through the whole opera a tall, dark woman, upholstered in gorgeous red satin, who, with her friends, occupied a box on the grand tier, turned her back to the stage and chattered loudly and unceasingly, adding consideration to the other 'ations for which our cultivated "end of the century" is so justly remarkable.

A French impresario has, it is said, bought from a Tunisian chief the secret of teaching donkeys to talk, and after the expenditure of much

trouble and nearly £200 has been successful in one solitary instance. A French donkey has been induced to say "God bless Gladstone." But surely, with Westminster in going order, it was hardly necessary to go so far as Tunis to obtain this important result. Had the Frenchman been in the habit of "reporting" in the House he would certainly have never taken that journey to Tunis.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," and, remarks Mr. Biglow's "Pious Editor"—

The bread comes back in many days,
And buttered, too, for sartin.

Whether this moral axiom was in the minds of certain young people in the eastern counties of whom I heard the other day, I cannot tell. However this may be, it is certain that these young folks, who are the happy owners of some very fine and well-bred pigeons, made a handsome offering to a bazaar held for a local charity in the shape of several couples of their choicest birds. Excellent prices were realised, and the generous gift was highly appreciated. And then, as the days went by, one by one these "feathered tributes" came flying home, all looking remarkably well cared for and in plump and capital condition. The pigeon, it is well known, is a bird that always "goes home to his tea" if opportunity serves, and I must fear that of this fact in natural history my young and generous friends were not ignorant. I wonder, by-the-way, if this was the first bazaar those birds had attended.

Most pleased am I to chronicle in this column, in which I mentioned the fact of his very serious illness two or three months ago, that Mr. R. Ruthven Pym, the genial and popular, who is one of the partners in Coutts's Bank, is wonderfully better. At present he is recuperating at that delightful little Sussex watering-place, Bexhill, and ere many weeks are past his enormous circle of friends and acquaintances may hope to see his kindly face in his accustomed haunts.

A friend, writing from Singapore, says that the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria made a great impression on the ladies "out East" during his visit last month. Only twenty-nine, with a heavenly moustache, and reputed the wealthiest man in Austria, small wonder if the Archduke caused some excited flutterings in Eastern dove-cotes—not the less, perhaps, as it was well known that he carries an immense quantity of jewellery with him for distribution in foreign parts. The Archduke does not speak a word of English, but, no doubt, manages to make himself understood in his progress round the world. At Johore great preparations were made for a day's royal sport in the jungle, and the Archduke's party set forth in high hopes of fine weather and a couple of man-eater's skins, at the least. But the plan, like many others, went utterly "a-gley." A storm of rain came down, and when the Prince had potted "one small bird," whose death was afterwards duly chronicled in all the papers, the party broke up, soaked through, but in excellent humour.

Colonel Beecher, late equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, has been offered, and has accepted, the post of secretary to the new Prince of Wales Club, which is to be a kind of glorified Lyric, and on the old Lyric site.

Vestments and investments are the tangible results of the subscription made among the innumerable friends of Monsignor Johnson, the cheery and able ecclesiastic who for more than twenty years was the secretary and *alter ego* of the late Cardinal Manning. At Archbishop's House, Westminster, where Monsignor Johnson fills the post of secretary to the new Cardinal Archbishop, he has been presented with a magnificent set of robes pertaining to his newly acquired dignity as a Prelate of the Vatican. These having been purchased, there was still a handsome surplus, which, I understand, is to be invested on behalf of the right reverend recipient. I can only hope that the securities selected will be safe and sound long after the vestments have ceased to exist.

Julius Cæsar is quite out of it with Jacques Inaudi, who, while engaged in the polite art of conversation interspersed with the wily game of dominoes, casts up endless rows of figures and performs algebraic gymnastics the most abstruse. Dr. Charcot thinks such great things of this youth's frontal development that the enterprising Sir Augustus Harris has transported him from Paris to Shaftesbury Avenue, where, no doubt, he will put our "double firsts" to shame and utterly rout the high school theory of its own supremacy. Here is an idea for Sir Augustus to make the Palace Theatre "hum." Set Signor Inaudi to work out an incontrovertible Monte Carlo system. A permanent improvement on the "lobby," for instance, and when found treble the price of all seats. Shares would fly up in leaps, not to say bounds, and the dear green tables would be nowhere by Christmas.

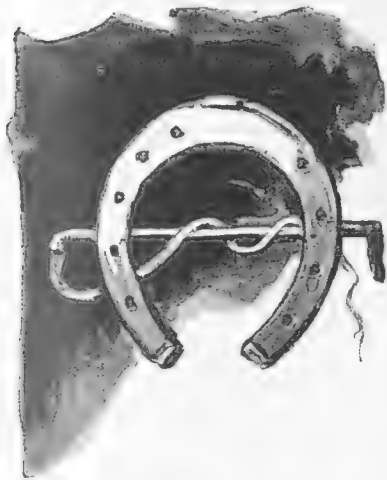
The Pope's nephew, Count Camillo Pecci, is a thorn in his uncle's side. Having lost large sums at play and contracted heavy debts, the Pope paid all, but banished him from the Papal Court. He now resides with his wife in Cuba. Pecci took the opportunity on the occasion of his uncle's jubilee to ask to be allowed to come back to his old haunts, but his Holiness was obdurate.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

NOT IN THE BETTING.

A STORY OF THE DERBY.

BY SIR RANDAL H. ROBERTS.

Author of "In the Shires," "Curb and Snaffle," "Hard Held," "Highflyer Hall," "Ridge and Farrow," &c.

"Are you going to the Derby, D'Orsay?"

"Of course, I am. What a question to ask, with this lovely weather, to say nothing of the certainty of my landing a monkey this time!"

"Well, I hope you will. I'm not going, and I wanted to ask you to do something for me."

"Not going to the Derby! What on earth has come over you lately, old man? Not going to the Derby! Well, Fitzroy, if I didn't know you better, I should say you were in love."

The speakers were seated in the bay window of the smoking-room of that aristocratic and select institution the Nobility Club. The first was Lord Lionel Fitzroy, the third son of the Duke of Rottenden, and his companion was Sir Reginald D'Orsay, a wealthy young baronet, with an estate of fifteen thousand a year in the Midlands, a share in a large mercantile house in the City, and a lovely villa at Cowes. Lionel Fitzroy, although a younger son of a Duke, who was supposed to be very wealthy, was always more or less in straitened circumstances, partly from habitual carelessness, and partly from a vicious habit he had of from time to time plunging on the Turf. He was an exceedingly handsome man, of some thirty years of age, and was known in society by the sobriquet of "Beau" Fitzroy. His mother, the Duchess, had spent most of her time in searching high and low for some girl with a good fortune, with a view to Lionel settling down and leaving what she considered was an aimless life. But the young ladies she had discovered were one after another objected to by Lionel, and so the poor soul's efforts had hitherto been unrewarded. Then, too, Lionel had had to go abroad, not once but several times, and economise in some wretched village in Normandy or Brittany; but now in her wanderings after a wife for her son a chance had presented itself. Her Grace had discovered a veritable gold mine in the shape of a rich widower with one daughter. Mr. Pell had made his money nobody knew how, nor did the Duchess care as long as it was there. He was a short, stout, florid man, who wore shirts and trousers of loud patterns; he had very white hands, which he was very proud of showing. His daughter Johanna was a pretty, piquant little brunette, with all the airs of a *grande dame*, and with that air of assurance which wealth gives to people of inferior origin. Pell père had gone on the Turf, and had two horses in the Derby. The latter the Duchess made use of as a lever to induce her son to call at Lancaster Gate. On his return his report to his mother was terse in the extreme.

"As far as she is concerned, I'm not in the betting," he said—at which the Duchess was much hurt.

"My dear Beau, I'll do anything in the world for you, you know; what is it?" said D'Orsay, resuming the conversation at the opening of the story.

"Well, Gerald, I want you to back a horse for me. I'm going to put my last century on."

"What's the name of the animal?"

"I don't know; it isn't in the betting, so I expect to get a long shot."

"Well, old man, you know best; but it—well, never mind, who's the owner?"

"A man called Pell."

"What! the man they call Lord Rag-and-Bones, that has a pretty daughter, and gives good dinners?"

"Yes; it's a colt by Hermit out of Ragged Rose."

"All right, I'll do the best I can. Perhaps you'll change your mind."

But Beau Fitzroy shook his head as he lounged out of the room, and, taking up his hat and umbrella, left the Nobility Club and strolled up St. James's Street. All of a sudden he paused, as an idea seemed to strike him, and, hailing a hansom, he drove to Lancaster Gate. "Curious," he thought, as the cab rolled along, "if this Derby should turn out the end of my single blessedness; but, by Jove, what should I do with my father-in-law? Well, I daresay at the bottom he's a gentleman in his thoughts, if his exterior is a little loud and unpolished. I'll pump him about this colt, and if he won't speak, perhaps she will. I wonder if she's got a second name, Johanna's such a mouthful."

Whatever ridicule people might heap upon Mr. Pell, Fitzroy was agreeably surprised at his reception. His eyes were rather offended at the broad blue stripes in Mr. Pell's shirt and the yellow necktie that adorned its bosom; but the old man was quiet and self-possessed, and invited Fitzroy to stop to lunch, during which meal he was more "mi-lorded" than he had ever been in his life.

"Yes, m' lord, I gave five thousand guineas for that colt, and my trainer has taken every care of him. He ran third in the Middle Park Plate, and since then he has improved immensely."

"Are you not going to name him?" inquired Fitzroy.

"Oh! I'm going to do that," answered Miss Pell; "after he's won the Derby. Papa has promised me."

"Do you think he has any chance, Miss Pell?"

"Of course, I do, and I hope to see the French grey and blue jacket first past the post."

"I don't mind telling you, m' lord, that the colt has been well tried—monstrous fine performance the last one. Jo'anna, my dear, it's time for you to go in the Park. His Lordship and I will smoke a cigar."

"Well," thought Fitzroy, as he followed his host to the cosy smoking-room, "I might do worse. She is very lady-like; but there, I'm not in the betting."

Miss Pell thought, during her drive, she had never met so handsome or so charming a man as Lord Lionel Fitzroy.



The speakers were seated in the bay window of the smoking-room of the Nobility Club.

The great day has come. The weather is beautiful, and the course crowded. I will not attempt to describe the well-known scene, but will follow D'Orsay and Fitzroy into the paddock, where the fifteen competitors are circling round.

"What price did you get me, D'Orsay?" asked Fitzroy.

"A hundred to one. Good gracious! you may look upon that century as gone! What's this bay colt? By Jove, he looks a clinker! I'll ask." The clothes were being swept off a fine, lengthy bay, deep in the girth, with enormous quarters, hocks well let down, and a beautiful shoulder. D'Orsay came back with surprise on his face. "By Jove, old man, it's the Ragged Rose colt, Mr. Pell's entry. I must have a tenner on him myself before the canter. Widget rides him," and he made a rush for the ring.

It was curious how often Fitzroy had of late been to Lancaster Gate, and now he had come down with the Pells, in spite of his determination. Charming pretty and refined looked the old man's daughter, and Beau

THE ODDS AND ENDS OF MAGAZINEDOM.

The periodical has dethroned the pamphlet, with the result that it is even more bewildering to take stock of the former than it was for our grandfathers to do anything but touch the fringe of the latter. In view of the terrible torrent of periodical literature belched forth day after day, it seems hopeless to think—though some enthusiastic bibliographers have contemplated the task—of setting forth even a bald record of all the newspapers and magazines that see the light. Not only do particular sections of the community, often almost microscopic, demand an "organ," but individuals have taken to this form of letters either as an antidote to *ennui* or as an earnest attempt to convert a *blasé* world.

In the class of individual organs one must reckon the Hon. Stuart Erskine's *Houyhnhnm*, a sixpenny monthly of sixteen pages. Mr. Stuart Erskine is always readable. Many a one has regretted that his

Whirlwind became becalmed and at last vanished, for it was the liveliest lance that has parried the public for a long time. The current number of the *Houyhnhnm* is decidedly quaint. "Beer, Bible, and Gunpowder" are described as "the ordinary missionary lines." Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Herbert Paul "still speak a kind of English"; while, on the other side, Mr. Balfour and, what is very surprising, the German, Herr Göschen, can make themselves intelligible at times. Duchesses are proverbially ungrammatical." The *Houyhnhnm* is crowded with such delicious attacks on all our preconceived notions.

It is long since the schoolboy became a journalist, his achievements as such having become famous through the schoolboy work of Thackeray and Præd, to mention but two examples. The boys at King Edward the Sixth's School, Stratford-on-Avon—the school where Shakspeare learned all he ever picked up in youth—have issued a modest magazine, the *Stratfordian*. While primarily a record of school events, it wishes to do homage to its immortal old-boy, William Shakspeare. Mrs. R. S. de Courcey Laffan, better known as Mrs. Leith Adams, the novelist, contributes a serial story. She is the wife of the head master.

Philatelists are energetic pressmen. One of their many journals is the monthly *Stamp News*, a very well-informed organ. It records that during the recent troubles in Venezuela a very large quantity of postage stamps were stolen. In order, therefore, to prevent their use, the National Executive have ordered a large quantity of postage and fiscal (Escuelas) stamps to be counter-marked with the national shield in the centre of each stamp. It appears, too, that the Legitimist League are deeply mortified to have to use coins and stamps bearing the effigy of "the Lady Victoria" instead of the Queen (over the water), so they have invented a stamp with the portrait of their own particular private monarch, having the legend "MARIA IV. D.G. MAG. BRIT. FRA. ET HIB. REGINA. F.D." These stamps are to be stuck on the envelope in the ordinary way, with the current stamps underneath, upside down for choice.

The retail trader, groaning under his burdens, has now blossomed into a journalist. In his latest organ, the *Retail Trader*, the British shopkeeper is represented in a cartoon as a traveller attacked by five wolves—to wit, Railway Rates, the "Stores" system of trading, High Rentals, High Rates, and Ruinous Lease Renewals.

Military journalism grows apace. Regimental journals have very curious titles. Here are some of them—*Ours* (19th Yorkshire Regiment), *St. George's Gazette* (5th Fusiliers), the *Dragon* (The Buffs), *Globe and Laurel* (Royal Marines), the *Tiger and the Rose* (65th Regiment), the *Nines* (99th Regiment), the *Bengal Tiger* (104th Regiment), the *Maple Leaf* (100th Regiment), the *5 and 9 Lillywhite's Gazette* (59th Regiment), the *Men of Harlech* (2nd Welsh Regiment), the *Lancashire Lad* (Loyal North Lancashire Regiment), the *XXX* (30th Regiment), the *Sprig of Shillelagh* (27th Inniskillings). The last, by-the-way, gives as its current marching song for the month Mr. Charles Godfrey's very popular "7th Royal Fusiliers."

Then the book-plate collector has a magazine all to himself, called the *Ex Libris Journal*. While essentially designed for the specialist, it is not without its interest to the layman. For instance, in the current number a correspondent transcribes a quaint note from a fly-leaf of a copy of "Coke upon Littleton," 1628, as follows: "Mary Cudmore her booke a men and he that doth [this] booke stail he shal be put in exter Gayle although he ware a fellet cote he shall go up by the ladder and [go] done by a rope."



And Beau felt his pulse beat as she put her hand on his arm.

felt his pulse beat as she put her hand on his arm and with the sweetest voice asked him to put five pounds on her colt. Nothing moved better than the son of Hermit and Ragged Rose, and there was a silence in the ring as the horse that had never been in the betting passed by with a long, sweeping stride. Then came a furious roar, and the colt went to short odds. But the field for the Derby has reached the starter; the flag drops, the bell rings, they're off. The gay colours flash past the Bushes, a yellow jacket having a strong lead, and the pace a terrific one; then they round Tattenham Corner in a bunch. The yellow jacket is in trouble; the ring shouts "The favourite wins"; now they are at the distance, there are only three in it. The bay colt is next the rails, his rider sits down, the colt makes his effort, reaches the favourite, the French grey and blue jacket is on even terms; both jockeys are at it; but the son of Hermit stays the longest, and the outsider wins by half a length.

What Fitzroy said to the charming woman by his side, I know not, but she blushed and looked down; then she gave him her hand, and in a trembling voice she said, "Lionel, you were always in the betting with me, and we will call the colt Beau."

REMINISCENCES OF PAST DERBYS.

BY CAPTAIN COE.

To make the Blue Riband of the Turf a complete success it is necessary to have fine weather, although the crowd was up to the usual average when Hermit won in a snowstorm, and also in Common's year, when, owing to the terrible storm that raged during the race, all the jockeys were allowed



Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. JUDGE ROBINSON

to pass the scale at 2 lb. overweight. Fred Webb drew 3 lb. overweight, and John Osborne, the rider of Fitzsimon, could not have been in a worse plight if he had fallen into a ditch. But, after all, the Epsom picnic requires warm sunshine to gladden the hearts of the thousands of 'Arriets and 'Arrys who throng the ropes on the other side of the course, and this side, too, for the matter of that. Max O'Rell, during his visit to Australia in 1892, was very severe on the Epsom Derby, and in a Sydney paper he summed up his opinion of the crowd at Epsom thus: "It is curious that in England, the very nursery of racing and of its *raison d'être* the blood horse, the sight of that great English race, the Derby, should be marred by the disorderliness of the crowd. It is more curious still that in that home of propriety you should have to confront repulsive, hideous sights, which might be easily suppressed by the exercise of a little decent thoughtfulness in providing for the needs of such a mass of people out for the day so far from town. The powers that rule at Epsom should import a Byron Moore." It is just possible that the funny Frenchman, when he visited Epsom, encountered a little coster fun; but it is a libel to denounce the whole show as a disorderly one. However, let this pass, and now to a more congenial subject.

Strange to say, although the Derby has always been of an international character, the foreigners have only managed to capture the race on three occasions. These were Gladiateur, who avenged Waterloo for the Frenchmen, Kisber, Austro-Hungarian, who would not have won if Springfield had been left in the race, and Iroquois, the American horse. It is a singular fact that no Irish horse has won the Derby, although Eclipse was owned by an Irishman, Colonel O'Kelly. Several Scotch owners have won the Derby, but in the majority of instances the horses were English-bred. Bookmakers seldom win the Derby. During the last thirty years nearly a thousand horses owned by bookmakers have been entered for the Derby, but since Mr. Snewing won the race with Caractacus, in 1862, it has not gone to a penciller. The Derby was first timed in 1846. A record was made by Ayrshire in 1888, when he covered the distance in 2 min. 42 1-5 sec. Kettledrum, Blair Athol, and Merry Hampton each won in 2 min. 43 sec. John Porter has trained six Derby winners, and the late John Scott was equally successful. A remarkable victory gained by Scott was that with Mundig in 1835. A Cockney tradesman who believed in the stable backed the horse heavily for all he was worth, and actually sold all his furniture, putting the proceeds on Mundig, who won after being literally cut to pieces.

Since its institution there have been only two dead-heats for the Derby, Cadland beating The Colonel in the run off in 1828, while

Harvester and St. Gatien divided in 1884. Until quite recently Cadland's skin, or a bit of it, lined the weighing-chair in use by the French Jockey Club. The Duke of Westminster won the Derby three times in seven years, the Duke of Grafton four times in fourteen years, Lord Egremont three times in four years, and Sir F. Standish three times in five years. In the early days of the race for the Blue Riband the brothers S. J. and W. Arnall were simply invincible in the saddle, and they rode a dozen winners between them. Chifney, Robinson, and Archer were very successful in this race, but John Osborne has only ridden one Derby winner, although he was successful six times for the Two Thousand Guineas. The Duke of Beaufort, who hopes to win this year with Son of a Gun, has never won the Derby. He owned Vauban, who started favourite in Hermit's year, 1867. Hermit ran well as a two-year-old, and was in the summer made a favourite for the Derby; but in the following spring he broke a blood-vessel, and he looked so bad on the day of the race that he was allowed to start at 66 to 1 against. But he won, and the Marquis of Hastings, who had opposed the horse through good and evil report, had to pay over nearly £100,000 on the following Monday. Mr. Henry Chaplin did not win much over the race, but Hermit afterwards proved to be his best paying farm, as he was a great success at the stud. J. Daley, who rode Hermit to victory, received £3000 as a fee, which at that time of day was thought to be something handsome. Daley is now training on the Continent, but often his name is taken in vain in England by a rascal who appears before the magistrates for being drunk and disorderly. Perhaps one of the largest bets ever laid was that of £180,000 to £6000 against Hermit by the Duke of Hamilton, but his Grace was fortunate in having the bet declared off before the day of the race. Sir Joseph Hawley won the Derby on four occasions, and, although he did not back Blue Gown himself, the public did, and the bookmakers were large losers over the result. Sir Joseph gave the entire stake, amounting to over £5000, to Wells, who rode Blue Gown to victory. In the West of England everybody was on Blue Gown, and a Bath newsagent had even taught his parrot to say "Blue Gown is sure to win the Derby." A village publican living in the district profited by the tip and won £500 over the horse, and, although it was not generally known at the time, the lucky Boniface actually had the church bells rung in honour of the event, and he finished up by giving the bell-ringers a substantial banquet.

Many living sportsmen will recall the win of Doncaster in 1873, as this was the only time Fred Webb has ridden the winner of the race, and, strange to say, he got the mount entirely by accident, being engaged on the morning of the race because Mr. Peck's jockey had disappointed him. It should be noticed that Webb has been very close to the winner on several occasions. He was on the back of Paradox when Melton won by a head, and he steered Highland Chief and just got done by St. Blaise. In professional circles Wild Dayrell's year is one often talked of, for the simple reason that R. Sherwood—now a noted trainer, who could not go to scale under eighteen stone—rode the winner, and, as the jockey was born and bred very close to the starting-post, the victory was hailed with delight in local circles. Wild Dayrell



Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

MR. EX-JUDGE CLARK.

was prepared for the race by Mr. Popham's private trainer, Rickaby, grandfather of the well-known jockey who now rides for the Earl of Durham. Indeed, the owner's entire household took the most lively interest in the colt. According to rumour, he was foaled at one in the morning, when the butler, in his sleeping gown, insisted on wheeling in a barrow the new arrival, in order that he might, as he said, have the privilege of performing this service to a Derby winner. On the day of the race the horse was escorted to the post by Rickaby on one side and Mr. Popham's gamekeeper on the other. He started at evens, and beat Mr. Hill's Kingstown easily, while Lord of the Isles, who had won the Guineas, could only get third. George Fordham, who had ridden so many losers in the Derby that he had been known to shed tears, met with his reward at last by landing Sir Bevy's home in 1879, but the horse would never have won but for the heavy going. It is hardly necessary to touch on Bend Or's year, as the objection to the close finish and the bitter arguments used on both sides are well known. Archer's masterly riding snatched the race out of the fire, and had it not been that he kept one leg on the pommel while hugging the rails all up the straight he would have been beaten a full length.

Up to now thirteen horses have won both Guineas and Derby. Since 1865 four thirds in the Two Thousand have won or divided the Derby—Kingerft, Silvio, Sefton, and Harvester—but during the period



Photo by Sherborn, Newmarket.

THE CLERK OF THE SCALES.

named only three seconds for the Guineas have been successful at Epsom—namely, Cremorne, Iroquois, and Donovan. Of late years we have seen some startling upsets in the Derby. For instance, last year La Flèche was booked a certainty, but the good thing was bowled over. Then, again, who will readily forget the downfall of Surefoot, or the overthrow of The Baron, who was peppered for weeks before the race by the largest West-End penciller? Perhaps Surefoot was the hottest favourite that ever started for the Derby, as 95 to 40 was betted on his chance. In 1831, 6 to 4 was betted on Riddleworth, but he suffered defeat; and in 1870 the odds of 9 to 4 put on Macgregor were bowled over. However, several odds-on chances have won at Epsom, notably Sir Thomas, Skyscraper, John Bull, Lord Lyon, Ormonde, Ayrshire, and last, though not least, Common, who, like Blair Athol and Sainfoin, was unknown in the winter betting. Mr. Abington was lucky to win the Derby with Merry Hampton, who was another of the dark winter horses. On the other hand, the Kingsclere stable was unfortunate in getting rid of Sainfoin, who won honours for Sir James Miller at the first time of asking. It seems that Mr. Joe Davis, who manages the young baronet's horses, had a presentiment that Sainfoin was going to win, and it is probable that superstition had something to do with the colt's purchase. Like Merry Hampton, Sainfoin was no good after the race; neither, by-the-way, was St. Blaise, another colt who came upon the public in the light of a surprise-package, although a certain home trial, which was attended by royalty, showed the stable followers sufficient to induce them to have a plunge on the presumed good thing. Some very funny wagers in connection with the Blue Riband have taken place before now. As is well known, one professional backer dropped £25,000 over the defeat of La Flèche last year, but got it all back over the Autumn Handicaps.

SOME FAMOUS DERBY WINNERS AND OWNERS.

In turning over musty racing records which refer to the Derby, there is left above all things the impression that it has been in very many instances a race of little tragedies. It has also been a race of surprises as profound and as sensational as any in the history of sport. I go back as far as 1834 for my first instance, finding there the simple statement that Plenipotentiary won in a canter. There were twenty-two runners in that Derby, including such horses as the Duke of Cleveland's Shillelagh, purchased from Mr. Chifney and trained by his brother; Lord Jersey's Glencoe, trained by Edwards, sen.; Mr. Yates's Bentley; and the famous Bubastes, which was backed by the whole of the Yorkshire party. The Yorkshiremen, indeed, laid down their money in a whole-hearted way, backing the horse to the amount of a quarter of a million, under the wrong-headed notion that Plenipotentiary was out of work; but the great horse came through in a trot; and when he lost the Leger both Mr. Batson and his jockey brought howls of execration upon themselves from a mob which refused to consider Touchstone a first-rater, or the whole business anything but a job.

When an enterprising New Zealander shall come to write the history of British sport in fourteen volumes and a preface, I doubt if he will give greater place to the records of any horse than to those of Flying Dutchman, save it shall be to Ormonde and his lamentable exile.

In 1849 Lord Eglinton won both the Derby and the Leger with Flying Dutchman, but suffered sore chagrin when the astonishing performance was repeated in the following year by Lord Zetland's Voltigeur. The animals, about whose respective powers there was a fine discussion in the racing world, first found opportunity to decide the issue in the Doncaster Cup of 1850, and the roar of astonishment when the Dutchman went down was but the prelude to a violent controversy on the merits of the pair. This terminated only in the match for £1000, half forfeit, made between the owners and decided at York over the old two-mile course. The result of that race is traditional. It was run on May 13, 1851, Voltigeur making all the pace and landing by a length at the bend. There the great horse made his effort, but Voltigeur still led at the stand, and "cracked" but a few yards from the post.

It was not until 1853 that another masterly performer trod the downs of Epsom, and the triple honours were reaped for the first time for Mr. Bowes, the owner of West Australian. That was a year of the "Guineas" in a hailstorm; but West Australian was backed at 6 to 4 on, and justified the confidence of his supporters, as the sporting prophets say. When the Derby came there was much rumour of colossal bets, Davis the Great backing Rattle thirty times at 1000 to 10, while £18,000 to £600 was laid against Rataplan. The great horse won the Blue Riband after a terrific struggle, coming from the distance with Cineas and Sittingbourne holding him, the three running locked together to the stand, where West Australian gained the advantage of a neck, and held it past the judge. It might have been that he would never have won the Leger had not Colonel Anson and Mr. Bowes suspected possible treachery from a ring which attempted to get at Frank Butler, the jockey, who rode their horse—for jockeys often deserved Johnson's epithet, "tricky fellows," in those days, as they have done since. Butler received a severe lecture, and the warning was not lost on him, as "West" won easily, and the notorious Harry Hill, the leader of the gang against him, lost £20,000.

There is a curious story told of the horse Ellington, who took the Derby in 1856, starting a rank outsider at odds of 20 to 1 against. There might have been no money for the horse at all had it not been for the fact that one of the stable was passing the Wellington Club, and looking at the hands of the clock he saw that the letter W was hidden, leaving only the word "Ellington." He told the omen to the favoured few, who rushed to get the money on, Tom Dawson among the number. Dawson won £25,000, which, with that sublime disregard for mere guineas which so often characterises the man of sport, he put into a hat-box, and immediately lost it in a train at Northallerton. The money travelled round the country for a week, the wise trainer inquiring for it with a *n'y importe* air, which carried the assumption that he had lost only a very poor hat and a very poor box. When the missing luggage was duly restored, the notes were found untouched in the lining.

I may pass succeeding Derbys, noting only that of Kettle drum, who made the record of 2 min. 43 sec. for the race, and came to the sensational win of Caractacus in 1862. As a two-year-old, he was hopeless, never winning even a plate; nor did his prospects seem brighter when, in his third year, he was brought out for innumerable engagements, appearing at the Epsom Spring Meeting, at the Newmarket Craven, in the Chester Cup, and at the York Spring. He won the Somersetshire Stakes at the feather-weight of 5 st. 10 lb., Grimshaw, his jockey, carrying the bar of the stirrup-leather between his teeth, as it came off almost at the start, but the lad was lucky enough to catch it, and so draw the weight. This victory did nothing to make Caractacus a stronger favourite for the Derby. He started at 50 to 1, and Goater refused the mount, although he was offered an annuity of £100 for life if he were successful. So the horse was ridden by a stable-boy named Parsons, and, being steered with great skill, he landed one of the most sensational Derbys on record by a short neck.

In a capital little book called "The Way to the Winning Post," the story is told of Gladiateur's Derby, that great foreigner which carried off the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Grand Prix de Paris, and the Leger. There was always a suspicion among a defeated section that Gladiateur was more than a three-year-old when he won the Derby, but the Stewards refused to have his mouth examined, and he was well

backed. One enthusiastic follower had won a "pony" at whist, and the loser of the money advised the lucky man to stake it on a horse named Planet. The bet resulted in a win of £300, two-thirds of this sum being put subsequently on Gladiateur for the Guineas. Here, again, the bet was lucky, the layer taking £1300 in stakes. As a last venture he invested £1000 on Gladiateur for the Derby, and so won £8000 in all from the original capital which he had gained at whist.

Mr. Disraeli, who was far more than Lord George Bentinck's Boswell, recorded of that most remarkable man that he "gave a sort of superb groan" when Surplice won the Derby. It is curious to see how some of the greatest owners have raced all their lives and yet lost the greatest honour—despite pots of money given in stakes and the depreciation of the "cash-down" owner or the *nouveau riche*. Lord George Bentinck's name assuredly will go down to all time round this story of the victorious Surplice, which he had sold before the victory, and the sequel of his death at Welbeck seven days after the great grief came upon him. He was a giant of the Turf, lacking only the culminating luck which attended such a man as Sir Joseph Hawley, who owned four Derby winners in Teddington, Beadsman, Musjid, and Blue Gown, and whose lordly recreation was cold gin at Swindell's and long clays such as Carlyle loved. A great man this in the Rous era—the era of the Admiral who did for Newmarket more than reformer has ever done, and who, as a handicapper, has had no rival—the last of a great line of old-fashioned sportsmen, linking the



MR. M'CALMONT, THE OWNER OF "ISINGLASS."

Photo by Geiser, Algiers.

days when the Rev. W. King owned Apology, and raced him, too, with this era of modern owners, among whom one is prone to place even the late Lord Falmouth, insomuch as this generation has known and followed him, as it has the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Vyner, Mr. Douglas Baird, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Manton, Mr. Childwick, Baron de Hirsch, Mr. Chaplin, the Duke of Portland, and scores of others. Of all these, though some of them have raced for two generations, the name of Mr. Chaplin alone seems to carry us back to the breezy times of the young Marquis of Hastings, when Hermit, with a coat like a poodle's back, scored the ever memorable Derby of 1867. The horse started, says a writer, almost friendless at odds of 66 to 1 against him. The Marquis had a hundred thousand pounds at issue. The snow came down fast as the parade was called on that wonderful day, and the crowd jeered Mr. Chaplin's horse as Daley held him at the canter, with orders "to wait and come with one run." The favourite, Vauban, did, indeed, hold his own until the distance, although Marksman pressed him; but Hermit crept up thence inch by inch, holding the others twenty yards from the chair, and winning in the last two strides by a neck. In the following year the filly Lady Elizabeth was the last hope of the Marquis of Hastings. She was favourite at odds of 10 to 6 on; but Fordham could do nothing with her from the start, and even had to fight with her to keep her in the course. Her defeat was inexplicable—was not even apologised for, since the man in whose financial coffin she placed the last nail had soon passed from all influence.—M. P.



DERBY DAY FORTY YEARS AGO.



A DERBY DAY INCIDENT AND ACCIDENT.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

SPORTING DOGS.*

Almost an encyclopædic work is this, treating with consummate knowledge and plenteous detail of all the dogs known to English sportsmen, and with some breeds which are characteristic of the best side of sport on the Continent. Mr. Lee rightly begins his pages with a well-considered chapter on the bloodhound, the great father of modern sporting dogs, to whom, perhaps, the best of modern foxhounds own



POINTERS AND SETTERS.

most of their points, and who has improved the olfactory organs of many dogs since the breeder first began his work. It is good to get a true picture of this hound, whose name is writ so large in highly coloured romance, and whose powers have been so hopelessly exaggerated in the fears and fictions of the ignorant. Where is the child who has not followed Robert Bruce in his flight from the baying hounds of the hated Southerners, when, wading down the stream, he gained a tree without setting foot on land, and so was "continued in the next." Who has not heard of the act of Wallace, when sore pressed by the sleuth-hound of his foes, he generously suspected a follower of treachery, and left his carcase to the deep-voiced pack? Who does not know that Monmouth was hounded from Sedgemoor, and laid by the heels through the keen scent of the hungry bloodhound, that dog whose children may have bayed the first nations of the Indies to submission, and did for the filibusters more even than the fire tubes have done for any later colonists? All this is well enough, but, alas! it is but half a story. Mr. Lee is firm in his conviction that the bloodhound may be trained to take up scent, and follow a man who has even some hours start; but this must be in an open country, over grass or slightly used high roads. The uselessness of the hound for modern purposes was proved beyond dispute at the time of the Whitechapel horrors. Then the Chief Commissioner accepted the services of a couple of Mr. Brough's hounds, who were sent from Scarborough, and in a trial in St. James's Park they acquitted themselves to perfection, even when other footsteps crossed the trail. The moment, however, they were set to work in the fated streets of the East their powers failed them. They took a few steps here, a few steps there, then tossed up their heads, as though in plain admission that the game was up. Yet, it is impossible to deny that the proper study of the bloodhound is mankind, and that the first instincts of one of the most noble of beasts is to hunt in the footsteps of man.

The precise history of the rise to perfection of the foxhound may never, perhaps, be traced. Musty parchments tell little for later-day folk to differ upon; but there is undoubted record of a huntsman, Twici, who in the reign of Edward II. gave advice to other huntsmen that they "should draw with their hounds about groves and thickets" and in the bushes near villages, and that they should shun casting off too many hounds at once, "because woods and coverts are full of sundry chases." As to the actual date when the breeding of the hound became a study, Mr. W. C. A. Blew, in his "Noticia Venatica," sets down the year 1689, or a little before that date, since Mr. Roper then conducted the Charlton hounds, and got in the service of the hound-hunted Monmouth and of Earl Grey a name as the first huntsman of whom history has made mention. Against this plain record some of the learned, and, consequently, very disputative, blow the horn at one time the property of Thomas Boothby, Esq., of Tooley Park, Leicester. This musical instrument bore the inscription "Thomas Boothby, Esq. With this horn he hunted the first pack of foxhounds then in England fifty-five years. Born 1477, died 1572." Why these records should not stand with authority, no man seems quite to know; but Lord Wilton in his book gave the old story that hounds in England were not entered solely to fox until 1750, and the famous "Nimrod" mentions only the pack of Lord Arundell of Wardour as existing at the end of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Rawdon Lee, in such a many-sided work as this, naturally can deal but slightly with the work of such giant breeders as Squire Osbaldeston, Colonel Thornton, Mr. John Musters, Mr. Fownes, the Duke of Rutland, and Mr. Meynell. But he gives some rare instances of the work of the less fashionable packs, touching especially on some of the hounds of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The runs of these, he says, may begin soon after daybreak, yet not end until the stars have studded the heavens. "Last season hounds were heard in full cry at night, and next morning stragglers found their way to the kennels, others turning up a day or two later. Some had to be looked for, having become crag-bound—namely, clambered down to a cleft in the rock whence they could not return. During such runs as these they do not, owing to the rough country, go the pace of ordinary foxhounds, but they possess greater patience in working out a cold line, and are perfect in making casts on their own account." Other instances are equally astonishing to those who know only Shire work, especially that of the old huntsman, Tommy Dobson, in the Lake district, who runs the Eskdale pack, and hunts on foot, since no horse could follow where he goes. His runs seem to be long beyond the dreams of hunts; it is nothing for him to lose his hounds, for they invariably come back to kennel on the next day; and the strange business seems yet more strange when one learns that this ambulatory exercise results in the death of twenty foxes a year.

In the "Chronicles of Raphael Holinshead," published in the year 1577, there is a curious account of a friendly exchange of hospitality between the King of the Scots and some of the Pictish nobility at Craithant. The Picts admired the dogs of the Scots as far surpassing their own in "fairness, swiftness, and hardness, and also in long standing up and holding out." With rare generosity, the northern hosts pressed some of their dogs and bitches upon their guests; but these, covered with the deceit of the borderers, took a fancy to the favourite dog of the King, and stole him, whereon the party was broken up, and there was killing in addition to the picking and stealing. All this fuss was over the deerhound—that superb creature that Elizabeth is supposed to have loved, always assuming that hers were not greyhounds, and that the latter class did not pull sixteen bucks in a laund at the famous bout in Cowdray Park. Somewhere in the sixteenth century, at any rate, is the history of the deerhound opened, so far as the dog was known away from the Highlands, and it is left for the rare judges to debate whether or not the hound has been bred from a cross between the foxhound and the greyhound. Mr. Lee does not think so, nor is anything reasonable found to warrant such an assumption. It is certain, however, that more attention is now paid than ever to the breeding of the dog, who is said to be more popular on this side of the border than on the other.

The introduction of a chapter on the "Great Dane" in this work has been criticised roughly, but somewhat unfairly. The hound is not properly a sporting dog, save where other dogs are concerned, for he is a prodigious fighter, and there is scarcely an English dog that can be matched against him. There is much confusion of this type with the Irish wolfhound, but Mr. Lee thinks that the Great Dane was known in these islands a hundred years ago, and that his late importation from Germany is only a reintroduction. In other chapters, dealing with the



BORZIC, OR RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND.

Irish wolfhound proper, he draws fine distinctions between the capacities of the two dogs, and he follows both with some good notes on the Borzic, that great Russian beast which many here now have pride in, and which has attained a very rapid popularity. These chapters, however, have less justice of place in the work than those on the pointer, the setter, the spaniel, the retriever, the otter-hound, the basset-hound, the Dachshund, and other varieties of historic sporting dogs. But the book is so very complete and so carefully compiled that complaint can scarcely be brought against that which is but a laudable desire to be comprehensive.

M. P.

* "A History and Description of the Modern Dogs of Great Britain and Ireland." By Rawdon B. Lee. The Illustrations by Arthur Wardle. Horace Cox, Field Office, London.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Some critics have been complaining that the new Savoy opera is not brilliantly witty in the dialogue, as were the pieces of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Whether this be so or not, I cannot tell, for I have not yet been to see "Jane Annie." "Jane Annie" is a delightful name to me, and *sent son Barrie d'une lieue*; in its utter respectability and cacophony it is exactly the name for the "good girl" of the "goody-goody" books. "Annie Jane" would have possibilities of human nature; not so (one would expect) "Jane Annie." For her the good conduct prize, the approval of the white-haired clergyman, and the early grave which is the fitting reward of the good little girl.

But to return to the objection of these dramatic critics, that estimable periodical, the *Speaker*, came to the rescue, pointing out that schoolgirls are not conspicuous for brilliant wit: that it is time to return to Nature, as Jean Jacques would put it, and give the genuine, wholesome bread-and-butter of the schoolgirl without the piquant and savoury, but sophisticated, anchovies of the former Savoy librettist.

Whether the schoolgirls for whom Mr. Barrie and Dr. Conan Doyle are jointly responsible *do* talk like real schoolgirls, I cannot say; for, firstly, as I stated, I have not seen the piece, and, secondly, I don't know how real schoolgirls talk. When the schoolgirls get older, and go to a ladies' college at one of the Universities, they are given somewhat to talking "shop"; and they attend lectures, and attend to them with a trust, a reverence which would be amusing if it were not so profoundly pathetic.

But granted that the schoolgirls of "Jane Annie" talk no otherwise than real schoolgirls, the incongruity is only pushed one step further, for the plot of the piece—if I may trust the critics generally—is as topsy-turvy as anything of Gilbert's; and, therefore, if proctors may come on to the first-floors of ladies' seminaries and flirt with the head mistresses, and if good girls turned bad may hypnotise everybody into doing everything, surely Nature is sufficiently expelled with the proverbial pitchfork, and if she sneaks in again in the dialogue this only adds another element of discord.

The fundamental absurdity of comic opera, and all opera is the fact that the personages express themselves partly or wholly in verse set to music, instead of talking plain prose like ordinary people. In a comic opera, besides singing their sentiments instead of speaking them, the characters have to do preposterous and unnatural but funny things. Accept the preliminary convention, and the absurdity ought to follow logically. That is, the preposterous data of the plot ought to result in such preposterous acts and speeches as naturally follow therefrom. This is the case in "The Mikado" more than in any other of the Gilbert-Sullivan series, and, consequently, that opera is artistically the finest of the series. Given Pooh-Bah's ancestral pride and pluralist offices, and all his absurdities follow; but for Pooh-Bah, being "Lord High Everything Else," to speak like an ordinary official would be a mere waste of a good idea.

Of course, to make characters talk like ordinary people in the midst of wildly absurd surroundings, and while committing nonsensical acts, is an incongruity which may be profoundly humorous, and, indeed, was the chief source of pantomime humour when pantomimes possessed that characteristic. Stage burlesque is practically the mingling of modern comic ideas with an ancient serious story. And it is possible that the fun of "Jane Annie" is of this nature—the contrast between the modern and dramatically possible speech of the persons and their strange and preposterous acts. Only, on this point I cannot pronounce, not having seen the piece.

But I wish to point out that to praise the librettists for keeping true to schoolgirl nature in a piece whose plot is wildly improbable and deliberately nonsensical is taking hold of the stick by the wrong end. The real test of a comic opera is first and foremost—is it comic? And if the method pursued by Mr. Gilbert is productive of more fun than any other, it is thereby the best method—always provided that the opera is a consistent and coherent work of art.

The test of an opera, as of all literature and art, is simply whether, and how far, it fulfils its aim. Given a picture, a poem, or novel: what does it set out to do? If it be a religious novel, what religious views does it advocate, and how far is it calculated to forward those views? Of course, a book "with a purpose" may succeed in being an artistic success apart from its purpose. Still, we are bound to look on a religious

novel primarily as a tract or sermon, and, therefore, we should first decide whether it is calculated to strengthen or overthrow orthodox faith and dogma, according as it is intended.

But ordinary readers do not make this distinction. If they have read the story part with interest, they at once feel bound to assume that the theological teaching of the book has had a serious effect on them, when they may be, and for the most part are, totally incapable of understanding the mere technicalities of the argument.

Private judgment, for everybody on some subjects; and for many men on most subjects, is merely a right, and by no means a duty. That is, there are and should be for every man a number of subjects on which he ought to form no definite opinion at all. He has not the time or special tastes necessary for enabling him to think independently on many matters. It is, indeed, the duty of a man to think for himself on practical questions immediately concerning him; for it is better for his own development that he should work out honestly a wrong conclusion than take a right opinion ready made from someone else, without being able to appreciate the evidence for and against such a conclusion.

In mathematical teaching it is an axiom that no pupil really knows his book work till he can solve a rider upon it. So, too, no man really holds and believes a doctrine, of whatever species, till he has tested it by application to his life—till he has acted by it and found satisfaction in so doing.

And this is the test of that vague, undefined mysticism which hangs round the definite edges of any system of thought. There is a mysticism which is due to excess of meaning, but far more often mysticism is the veil of Isis—minus the goddess. In nine cases out of ten, when a reader or hearer does not know the meaning of a writer or speaker, it is because the writer or speaker has no really definite and lucid notion of his own meaning.

Lucidity should be our cry, as it was Matthew Arnold's. Lucidity is the saving salt of French prose literature—and all French literature wants to be prose, though some of it has been compelled into poetry by men of genius. It is hard, unless you are a *décadent*, to write French that shall seem to be profound and noble and yet mean nothing definite.

English is not as clear a language as French; it is not so handy to write with. Our words have an unfortunate trick of ambiguity, and the loose and careless use of terms once precise tends to make style slipshod. Still, it is possible even in English to find the one right word for a thought, and the resources of the language are very much larger, both in strength and beauty, than many men dream. It was thought, perhaps, that Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson had drawn from English verse all the beauty of which its artistic form was capable, when, lo! new, unimagined harmonies from Swinburne and Rossetti. Even the most minor of minor poets often will hit off a modulation of words exquisite of its kind and not attained before by the greatest.

If a literary man can do nothing else, he can probably make epigrams, and by keeping on at this exercise he will probably get at least one happy phrase that deserves to live. Or, if not an epigram, at least a simile is within the reach of anyone and everyone; and a good or even grotesque simile is among unforgettable things, for the sight of any object involved in it mechanically calls up complete remembrance. I shall never see sunlight on a dry summer's day without recalling Verlaine's likening of the sunshine to golden butter spread on the dry toast of the ground; and the simile will equally intrude whenever I butter a piece of toast.

Everybody has a corner of originality in his being somewhere—something, inherited or acquired, which marks him off from the common stock, which is the man himself, so far as he has any personal and individual existence. There will always be something to mark off the most familiar of Smiths from the most usual of Joneses. It may be merely an epigram, a fantastic view on some wholly immaterial point; but that seemingly unimportant point is the essence of Smith as apart from Jones; it is his Smithness, so to speak—the one original and immortal part of Smith. But for one bad pun, it may be, of which Jones was constitutionally incapable, Smith might have been a replica of Jones; but now he is himself and not another, and the perfume of that pun impregnates his whole being.

But will Smith, therefore, survive merely under the form of a bad pun?

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



ROSES AND THORNS.—FRED MORGAN.
EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



FRÈRES D'ARMES.—P. GROLLERON.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



GARDEUSE DE MOUTONS.—HENRY PERRAULT.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



TRUTH.—GEORGE W. JOY.
EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ART NOTES.

The quiet of the early summer has penetrated also the spirit of the world of pictorial art. The common exhibitions are closed, or, if not closed, are empty; and only the great shows, such as the Academy or the New Gallery, are capable just now of drawing the attention of the public. In fact, the time of artistic excitement has gone by; artists have left London upon a privileged holiday, and the galleries are deserted. Reviewing the past few months, one is compelled to say that they have been, on the whole, singularly disappointing. One looks forward to the spring exhibitions with so determined a sensation of expectation, and one is so continually disappointed, as year after year passes by, that when real poverty of achievement comes to emphasise this common disappointment the lack of delight strikes one with a keener sense of failure.

For, taking the thing all in all, both the Academy and the New Gallery have been not only below expectation (an experience which the most ordinary philosophy of life teaches the observer), but far below the average level which even the country cousin has a right to expect. We have no possible feeling or sentiment against the Royal Academy, for this is an institution which, to speak quite seriously, has encouraged the beginnings of artists who have often proved to be really great. Of course, there is a noticeable fault which touches far on the other side, the fault of encouraging thousands—we speak literally—thousands of mere painters, mere players with a palette and brush and naught more, who have contributed to the bad art of the time with more seriousness of devotion, with more conscientiousness of design than has been seen on the part of any previous three generations.

The National Gallery has acquired an important picture by the possession of Egg's picture "Beatrix Knighting Esmond." The canvas has still a singular solidity and quite a strange brilliancy of colour. It now hangs in the British section, and forms a most interesting companion, although a companion of name only, to the "Beata Beatrix," whose sleeping face is as strange and mystical an achievement in poetic art as the modern world has seen.

The manner in which the artists of our time are described by the authoritative Press is singularly instructive, even amusing. The President of the Royal Hibernian Academy of Arts, Sir Thomas Alfred Jones, is just dead, in his seventieth year, who, having for long proved himself a very interesting portrait painter, and, having been elected to the distinguished post of which we have spoken, is generally allowed some four or six lines of grudging praise on the occasion of his decease. He was elected to the Academy of which he subsequently became president in 1861, and is described as "a very amiable, accomplished gentleman, a pleasant companion, and a good administrator."

It is with a distinct sense of humour that the *Athenæum* publishes an account of the National Gallery of Ireland. The report which forms the subject of that account is published at this instant of time for the year 1891, and the paper in question very quietly and uncharacteristically places beside this date a simple (!). It seems that some 87,000 visitors entered the gallery during the year in question without payment, and 1606 paid for admission. The purchases for the gallery have included Mulready's "Toyseller," Carpaccio's "Enthroned Madonna," and several studies by Mr. K. Halswelle, together with four drawings by Watteau, which have come from the James collection.

Among the pictures reproduced in these columns from the Royal Academy, not the least interesting is one titled "Roses and Thorns," by Fred Morgan. The girl leans forward with a charming air of gaiety, and the flowers compose with the picture into a scene that is altogether delightful.

Another picture from the Royal Academy reproduced here is Mr. George Joy's "Truth." Mr. Joy's work, indeed, can scarcely be said quite to appeal to the public that praises and adores Mr. Whistler.

We ourselves have nothing but admiration for the great work—represented most progressively and nobly by such an artist as Mr. Whistler—of the generation. Nevertheless, we can appreciate a certain dramatic feeling, a quiet and unambitious sentiment, of which work such as this is the type.

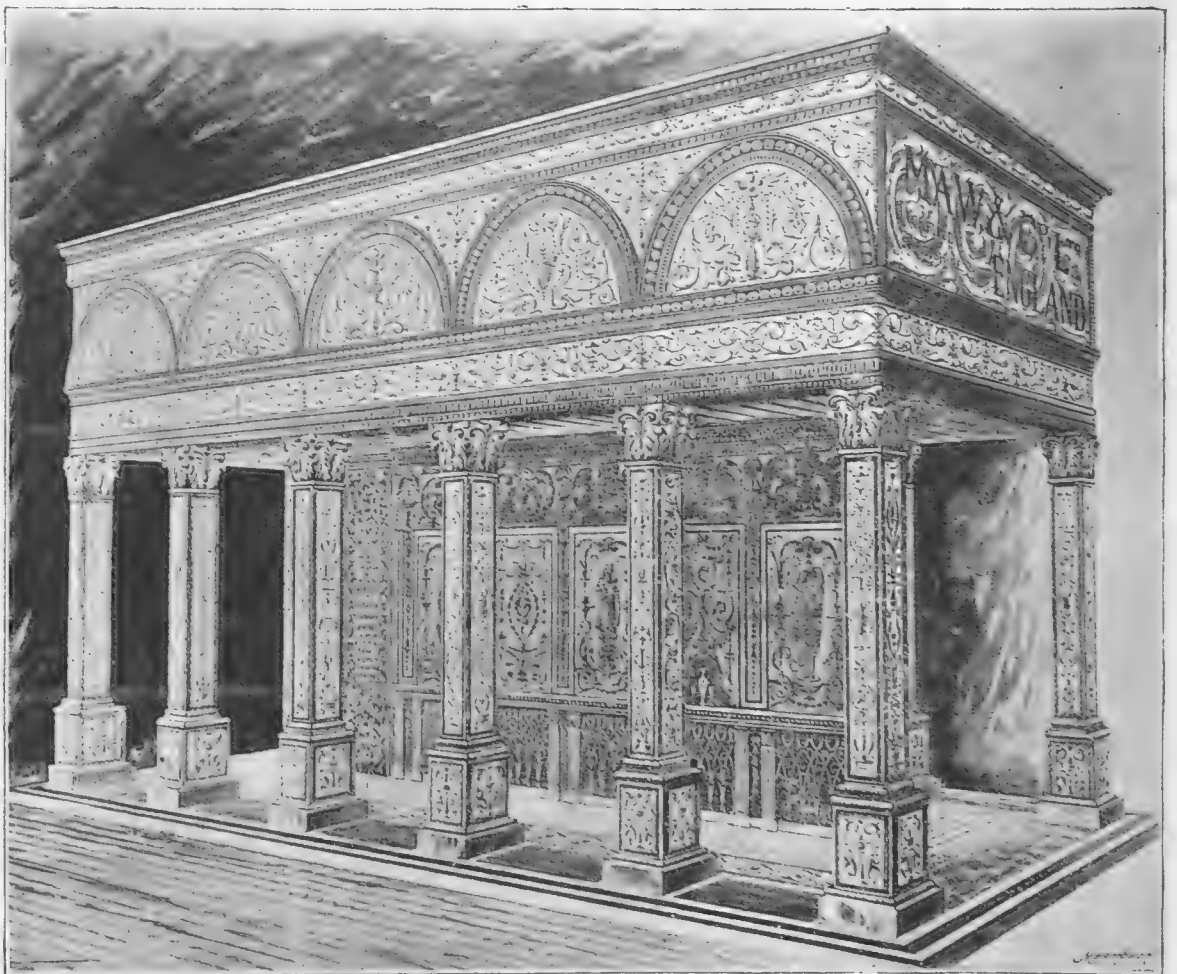
Those who wish to appreciate the splendid drawing which weekly illumines the pages of *Punch* will soon have their opportunity, for Mr. Linley Sambourne is giving next week an exhibition of his originals at the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. Judging from the popularity which attended the exhibition of the late Charles Keene's work, it will not be rash to prophesy a like success in connection with one of the greatest figure draughtsmen of the day.

Romney appears to be popular as ever. A few days ago an interesting example of this painter's work, "The Duchess of Gordon and her Son," was sold by Messrs. Christie for quite a considerable sum of money. A Nasmyth sold at the same time for £126, and—wonder beyond all wonders—a Morland went for £220, a Morland which included a peasant, some horses, and some pigs.

The cathedrals of England are among the most precious of our national possessions, and it is as well that every record of such possessions, if it be well done, should be considered carefully and with an interest that the subject demands. The Dean of York, who some time since discussed the architecture and antiquity of York Minster, has now in hand another book on the same subject which is intended to act as a supplement to the volume published before.

English tile and ceramic mosaic work is represented at the Chicago Exhibition by Messrs. Maw and Co., the well-known Shropshire firm. Their stand is an excellent example of their art. About 20 ft. high, it takes the form of a colonnade supporting an entablature, in a style which is classical, without being severe, and which leans somewhat towards Renaissance. The shafts of the columns (which are 12 ft. high) each contain one painted and three modelled panels. The lunettes and spandrels of the entablature are hand-painted in under-glaze, which is the method adopted in all painted work throughout the exhibit.

Within, the floor space is divided by a central screen and side wings, which allow of sufficient ground space to indicate the pavements of the different sections. Both floor and walls illustrate the uses to which tiles and ceramic mosaics are now applied as the most indestructible form of the highest art decoration. One section represents a part of the chancel of a church, another shows the lining of a palatial bath-room, and in the other compartments the varied application of tiles to the purposes of public and domestic architecture is illustrated as far as possible within a necessarily limited space.



A STRUCTURE OF FAÏENCE.

A FAMOUS LADY ARTIST.

Mrs. Allingham—known so well for her charming works in water colours—first distinguished herself as an illustrator in black and white. For the *Cornhill Magazine* she illustrated "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "Miss Angel," while for the *Graphic*—of which paper she was for some years on the staff—she produced drawings for Mrs. Oliphant's "Innocent" and Victor Hugo's "Ninety-Three." Mrs. Allingham, the

Surrey, the happy children playing on the wayside, the young mother with her babe at the cottage door, the "oldest inhabitant" leaning over his wicket-gate, or the young mower going afield with his scythe—all have in this distinguished lady an exponent at once sympathetic, powerful, and refined.

The happiest phases of life in the country Mrs. Allingham delights to render by her brush—"the real inheritance of childhood in the meadows and fresh air," to quote Mr. Ruskin—and she does it in an eminently satisfactory manner.

Most interesting, too, is the artist's work in portraiture, though, maybe, it is less known to the public. It is a privilege to view the admirable studies of her friends, Carlyle and the late Lord Tennyson.

The public may look forward to another exhibition of Mrs. Allingham's works at the rooms of the Fine Art Society in the course of a little time, and all who love great art should visit it.

A NEW OCCUPATION FOR LADIES.

Ladies are constantly complaining that man usurps all the useful and profitable employments, and that, consequently, they have nothing to do. But the truth is they have grown so high and mighty of late years that, content with being ornamental, they will hardly descend to make themselves useful. Even their fashionable occupations partake of a useless character. For instance, what could be more unprofitable than the present fashion of casting of fortunes according to the lines of the hands, or that of writing novels which nobody but themselves will be at the pains to publish, and no one but their relatives to read? Formerly, the occupations of fashionable ladies were capable of some use. About the beginning of this century the rage among the fair sex was all in favour of making their own shoes, a fashion wherein economic husbands and fathers probably encouraged them to persevere. A little later, instead of cobbling, bookbinding had its army of votaries. Three lessons were all that was required to make a proficient, and both teachers and pupils pronounced it to be a most useful, amusing, and elegant employment. A cautious, calculating literary man has reckoned that in a hundred years we shall be without any books at all; they are so badly bound, he says, that by that time they will all have tumbled to pieces. Here, then, is a fine field for female industry and enterprise. Let the fair learn bookbinding, and rebind all our modern books (except the novels and poetry, which we can well spare), thus making themselves useful, putting money into their pockets, and preserving for future generations the literary exertions of our own.

Amateur theatricals have an extraordinary fascination for people, and dramatic clubs spring up like mushrooms. The latest is the Garrick Dramatic Club,

which has Mr. Hermann Vezin as its president and Mr. Oscar Wilde as its vice-president. The club will have the advantage of being in connection with a Shaksperian Reading Society. Mr. Adrian Clifford is secretary.

One by one the quaint old bits of London and its ever-increasing suburbs are disappearing. A few days ago the sentimentalists of the County Council were unable, charmed they never so wisely, to save the fine old walls in Waterlow Park, where naughty Nelly Gwynn disported herself a couple of centuries ago; and now Raleigh House, on Brixton Hill, with its mellow red-brick Tudor gables and its handsome panelled rooms, where the great explorer and commander received, it is said, the Virgin Queen, has been pulled down, the beautifully wooded little park of some twelve acres, in which it stood, is fast being covered with small houses, and on the site of the ancient mansion is a brand-new, smart, stucco-porched brick villa, which adds insult to injury by flaunting the old name, "Raleigh House," in gold letters on its front door fanlight. "Sic transit gloria!" But doubtless the balance at the freholder's bankers is none the less for the departed glory.



MRS. ALLINGHAM.

eldest child of the late Alexander Henry Paterson, M.D., was born in 1848, and from a very early age devoted herself to the study of drawing, and subsequently—upon her aunt, Miss Laura Herford, succeeding in opening the Royal Academy Schools to lady students—she went through the usual course of study there, and we have heard one of the best authorities state that as a student Miss Paterson was exceptionally brilliant. In 1874 Miss Paterson was married to the well-known poet and writer, Mr. William Allingham, who, after Mr. Froude, edited *Fraser's Magazine*. In 1875 Mrs. Allingham was elected an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. This gifted lady's well-known picture "The Little Customers," engraved by Stoddart, was exhibited about this time at the gallery in Pall Mall, while other notable works were "The Milkmaid" and "Wait for Me" at the Royal Academy. But when, a few years ago, the Fine Art Society exhibited a collection of Mrs. Allingham's works in New Bond Street the public was not slow to admit that a visit to the galleries on that occasion was indeed something to remember, for Mrs. Allingham certainly can render the charms of English country scenes, and the delightful hedgerows and cottages of

"HOP-O'-MY-THUMB" AT HOME.

A CHAT WITH "LITTLE TICH."

I always knew that humour was not one of my strong points, much as I admire it in others, but with every step that I took up the long Clapham Road the conviction dawned more forcibly upon me that it was



Photo by E. Sharp, Upper Street, Islington.

LITTLE TICH SINGING "I COULD DO—COULD DO—COULD DO WITH A BIT."

a quality greatly to be desired when you were going to interview a man who has made his name by being funny. It was, therefore, with some trepidation and a disquieting feeling that I was a failure that I found myself knocking at the door of one of the handsome semi-detached houses and inquiring meekly if "Mr. Tich" were within, for, in addition to my other shortcomings, I was conscious of being fifteen minutes late for my appointment. The trim maid-servant, after answering my question in the affirmative, conducted me to a tastefully furnished and cosily homelike room, and left me to the contemplation of the numerous water-colour drawings which adorned the walls, and the endless array of photographs of theatrical and music-hall celebrities which filled every available space.

Then Mr. Tich came in, quiet, courteous, and grave, altogether such a contrast to the quaint Hop-o'-my-Thumb of the pantomime that my calculations were all upset, and I realised in a moment that my qualms had been needless. Little Tich was prepared to take me quite seriously.

After the customary greetings, I asked, pointing to the signature "A. Tich," which appeared on one of the water-colours—

"Am I right in supposing that these are your work?"

"Yes; they are all mine. I am very fond indeed of painting; but, though I go in for figures sometimes, I am more successful with landscapes."

"Well, judging from these examples"—and I singled out three particularly charming female figures in sepia—"I should say that you were equally happy with either, though you may prefer the landscapes. Are you a follower of any other of the Muses?"

"Yes," modestly, with a deprecatory shrug, "music is one of my greatest pleasures and recreations. I play the piano, but the cello is my favourite instrument," and, as he spoke, Mr. Tich went to a bookcase which stood against the wall, and, throwing open the cupboard beneath, displayed to my view two shelves, the top one filled with a neatly arranged assortment of paints, brushes, canvases, and other implements of his artist's craft, while the bottom one was heaped up with piles of music.

"Easy to see that tidiness is one of your virtues," I said laughingly, as he closed the doors.

"But do you find much time for the pursuit of these accomplishments?"

"When I am at the halls, yes, for when I have my songs settled and fairly in hand my time is my own till about nine o'clock at night. When I was playing in the pantomime it was different, for two performances a day left me without much time to myself."

"I suppose that you found the pantomime rather tiring?"

"Yes, I did. You see, there was so much dancing, and that required a great deal of exertion, whereas my turns at the halls are soon over."

"You have made a great success with your serpentine dance?"

"Yes, it has taken immensely, and yet it is less trouble than any of my other dances, for it is very easy, and requires practically no exertion at all. I was in Berlin when the idea first struck me of burlesquing Lolie Fuller's dance, about which everyone was raving."

"And now I will begin at the wrong end, and ask what by orthodox rule should have been one of my first questions—how did you originally come to think of going on the stage?"

"As a matter of fact, I really drifted into it without thinking much about it. I was living with my parents at Gravesend, and they had a great number of theatrical friends and acquaintances, and mainly through seeing so much of them, and through their influence, I first appeared at a variety hall in Chatham just twelve years ago."

"Did you make much of a success?"

"No, not much; however, I didn't give up, but went round the provinces for four years, eventually coming to London and appearing at some of the suburban music halls, for three years on and off. I didn't seem to catch on at all, and then I went to America with Tony Pastor's variety company, stayed with him for thirty weeks, then joined the Chicago Opera House Company, and appeared in 'The Crystal Slipper' and 'Bluebeard.' From the time I set foot in America I got on, and you may be interested to know that it was in 'The Crystal Slipper' that I first appeared with a white face. Up to that time I had always performed with my face blacked in negro style."

"A change for the better, as far as the blacking was concerned, I should think; then what did you do?"

"I stayed in America for two years and a half altogether, and then I came back to London. Since then—well you know, without my telling you."

"Yes; you have made a wonderful success," I said sincerely.

"Which of your songs is the favourite, do you think?"

"Well, I hardly know, but I fancy that the public like 'I could do with a bit' the best, and I expect to go on singing it for another year, at least. The others I shall probably drop for newer ones which I have in hand—no"—anticipating my unuttered desire—"I would really prefer not to say anything about them, yet. I want to see how they are received."

"Well, as you won't, may I see the baby before I go?"

"I am sorry that I can't grant that request either, for the baby"—with a little chuckle—"is out for a morning constitutional with his mother. I can show you his photograph, though," with a knowing twinkle, which I understood when I saw that the "baby" was a sturdy, handsome little chap, whose age, Mr. Tich proudly informed me, was three and a half.

"Needless to ask if that is Mrs. Tich," I remarked, pointing on the opposite page of the album to the portrait of a lady whose handsome, charming face was so strikingly reproduced in miniature on the other side.



Photo by E. Sharp, Upper Street, Islington.

LITTLE TICH'S BURLESQUE OF THE SERPENTINE DANCE.

"Yes; that is Mrs. Tich. The boy is her very image; the same dark hair and eyes, and the same features."

It needed no further words to show that Little Tich was a very proud husband and father, as well he might be.

"And now I really must be going, for I have taken up a lot of your time." But even as I spoke there was a knock at the door, and a gentleman was ushered in, who at once announced his errand. He also had come on interviewing bent.

Mr. Tich asked me to excuse him, whispering, with what was suspiciously near a wink, "You may like to stop and see this out." So stop I did, listening gleefully to Mr. Tich's polite regrets that he was "Engaged at present, and was sorry that he could spare no more time, as he had an important appointment—indeed, his trap was already at the door."

I looked out and saw it—a smart turn-out, with a spirited horse and a neat groom. Then I turned my attention again to the rival interviewer, who had to depart at last unsatisfied, leaving me in possession of the field.

"I am glad I was here when he called," I said with a laugh, in



Photo by E. Sharp, Upper Street, Islington.

LITTLE TICH AS "HOP-O-MY-THUMB" IN DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.

which Mr. Tich joined heartily, "for I hope that I prevented him from getting some little exclusive tit-bits, which I want all for myself," and then, with a hearty hand-shake, I took my leave. F. M.

ANOTHER "BABBAGE."

A most extraordinary calculating machine, hidden behind the modest brow of a youthful Piedmontese, named Jacques Inaudi, is a new source of wonderment in London. He was "only a shepherd-boy when he was young," but his marvellous talent for figures soon extended beyond the fame of his village, and at ten years of age he was puzzling the Parisian public. Scientists like the great M. Charcot are baffled with his power to calculate even while carrying on a conversation or playing a game of dominoes. At the Hôtel Victoria, recently, he displayed his remarkable abilities to an astonished audience of London journalists (whom it certainly takes a good deal to amaze), and left an impression which will not easily be effaced. Various gentlemen called out three figures until twenty-four had been placed in a row, and then twenty-four other figures were placed beneath them. Without any hesitation, and without sight of the sum, Mr. Inaudi subtracted them accurately. Further, he carried out the most intricate calculations—square roots, cube roots, and division sums—simultaneously and spontaneously. Nothing in arithmetic baffled this bashful "Babbage," whose brain is of such extraordinary capacity.

A very charming instance of the "infinite variety" in stationery has just reached me. It is decorated in a subdued tint with the famous "willow pattern," upon which the modern scrawl seems sacrilege. The old-fashioned mourning notepaper is giving place to a new style—not before taste demanded a change. Messrs. Millar and Lang, of Glasgow, likewise supply a very dainty papyrus paper, entitled "Old Egyptian," which is delightful to those who love the courtesies of correspondence.

A MINIATURE SKIRT DANCER.

This little lady is Miss Maggie Ford, who hails from Nottingham. The dainty little dancer—she is just seven—recently made a great hit in an operetta for children entitled "Nell," written by Mrs. A. Lambert. As *première danseuse* of the tiny ballet, Miss Ford, a perfect picture in an



Photo by A. W. Cox, St. James's Street, Nottingham.

MISS MAGGIE FORD.

amber-coloured concertina skirt and piquant gypsy bodice, took her townsfolk by storm. Several charities have benefited by her, but she has no intention of joining the profession. She has been trained by Mr. Theodore Gilmer, a brother of the manager of the Alhambra.

A MUSKETRY CHALLENGE SHIELD.

This shield has been designed and manufactured for the 1st Battalion Wiltshire Regiment by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street. It is made of solid silver and bronze. On the lower part is depicted the old (62nd) badge of the regiment, surrounded by a wreath of laurels. In the centre panel is the figure of a private firing, in the uniform of the present day, while in recesses on each side of the centre



panel are represented figures in the uniforms of 1758 and 1882 respectively. At the top are two panels with beautifully chased battle scenes of Ferozeshah and Sebastopol. Between these two panels is the present badge.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



AFTER THE CARD PARTY AND A DAY AT EPSOM.

"Thank Heaven, poor Pa died rich!"



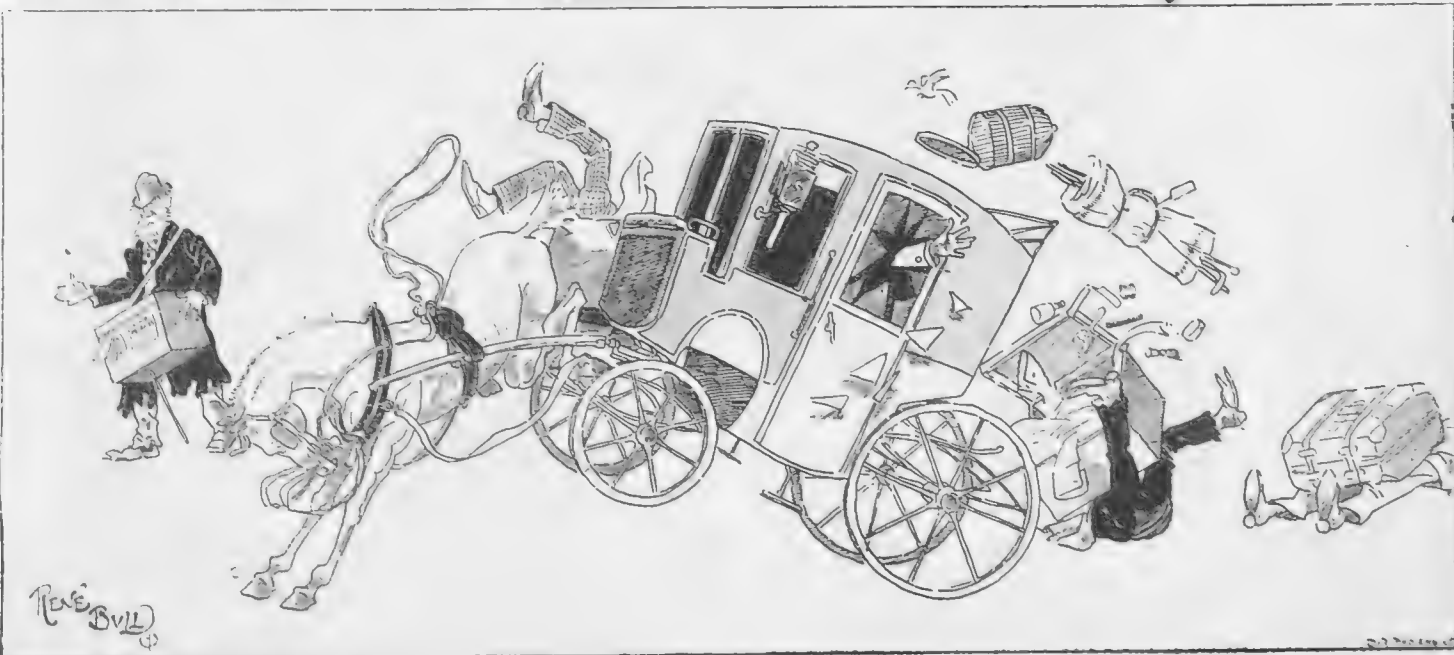
"There, Billy, that's one of the Volunteers I was telling you about. I'm going to make you one, one of these days."

"What! just the same as that, Pa?"

"Yes, Billy."

"Oh! but, please, Pa, not if I'm good, will you?"

A HORSE WHO LACKED A MUSICAL SOUL



REV. BULL



She's all my fancy painted her,
 She's lovely, she's divine;
 But her heart it is another's,
 She never can be mine.

Yes, lov'd I as man never lov'd,
 A love without decay,
 Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
 For the love of Alice Gray.



"HOW SHALL WE GET HER ALONG?" MUSED THE MESSRS. WILLIAMS.



"NOW, ALL TOGETHER."



"GO!"



NO WONDER THE LABOUR MARKET IS IN SUCH A STATE, WHEN
BILL-STICKING IS DONE BY HORSE-POWER.



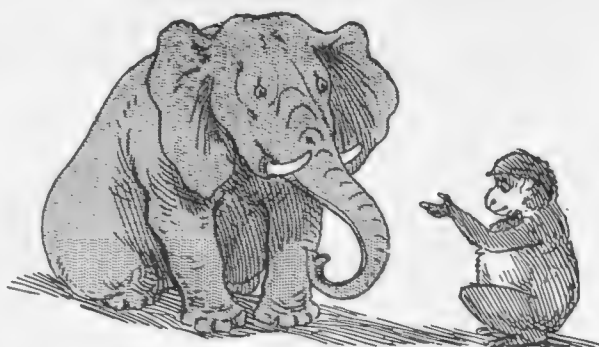
PROMETHEUS THE FIRE STEALER.

A Sketch in Town after the Derby.

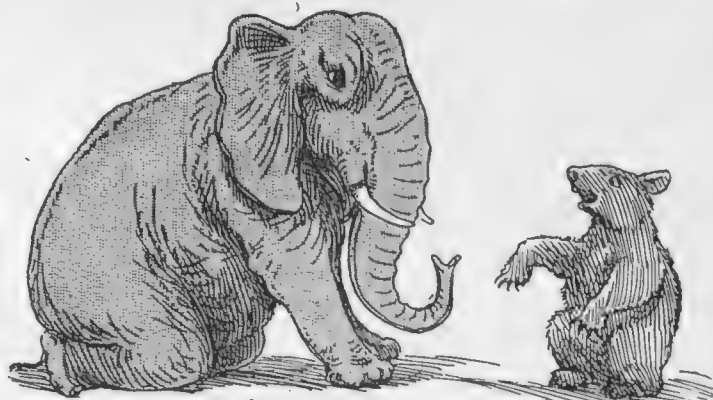


RAB

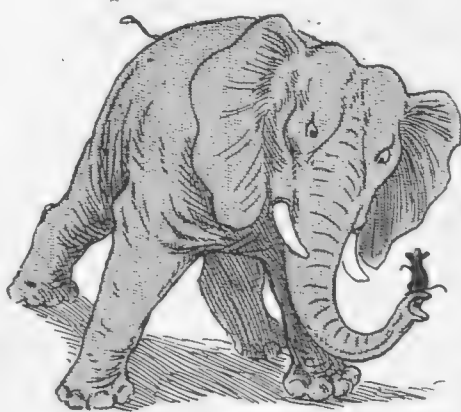
"I not comprehend your Derby course for horses—I what you call 'back' every horse and win noding."



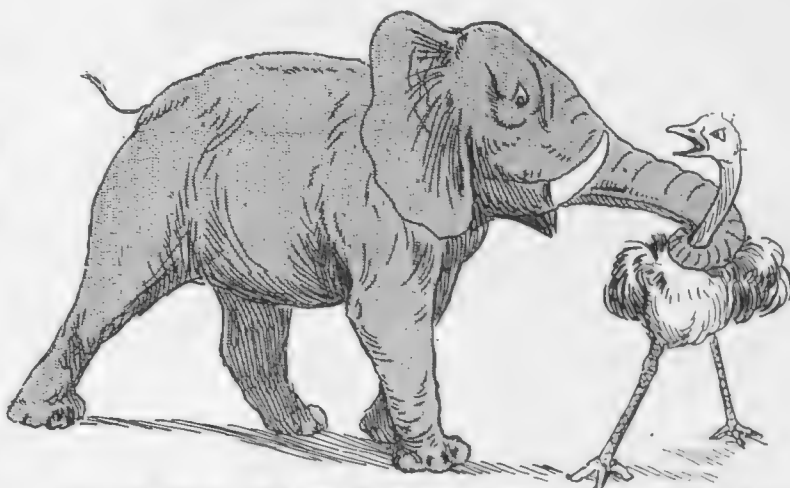
"I like you. Let's be friends," said Elephant. And then Monkey said, "Shakspeare said, 'I am not tall enough to become the function well.'"



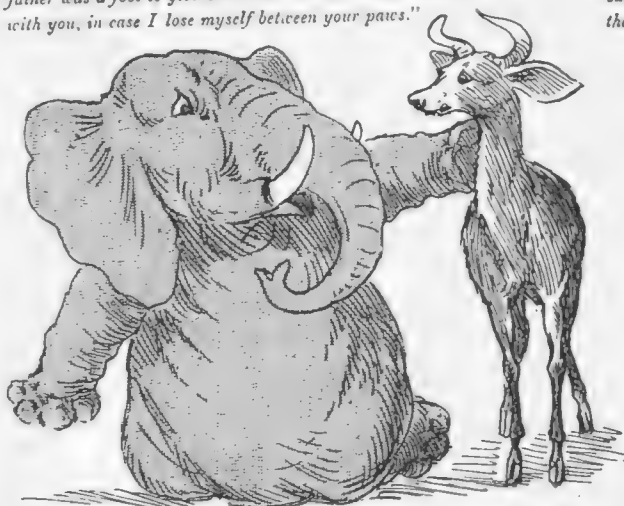
Then Elephant sidled up to Bear and said, "I like you." But Bear said, "No, I don't; for Shakspeare said, 'Tis such fools as you that make the world full of ill-favour'd children.' Get!"



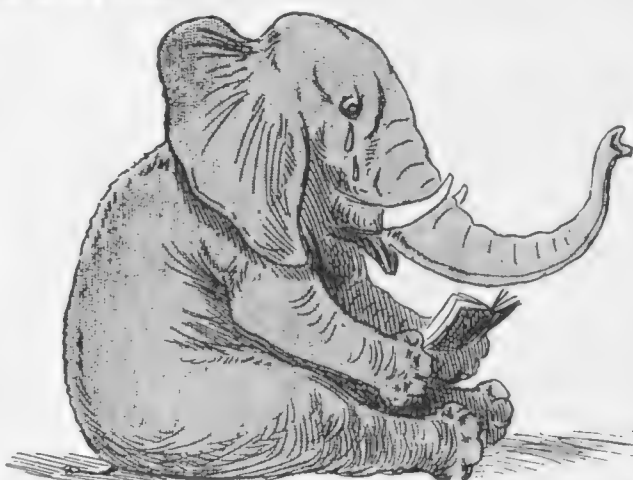
Then Elephant picked up one of the smallest things in creation on the end of his proboscis, and swore eternal friendship. But Mouse said, "Shakspeare said, 'Young Gamester, your father was a fool to give thee all.' No, I'll not shake hands with you, in case I lose myself between your paws."



Next time Elephant shook hands he felt sure of respectful sympathy. But Ostrich said, "Unhand me! for, as Shakspeare said, 'Vile thing, let loose, or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.'"



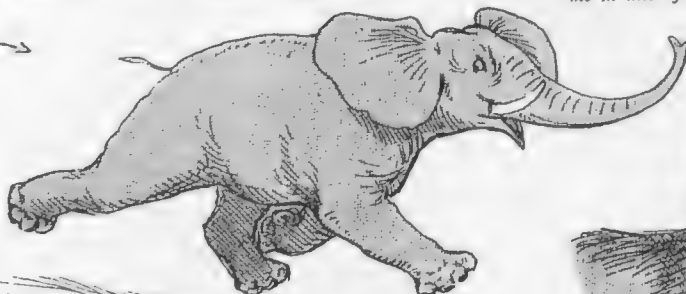
Then Elephant he made cupboard love to Antelope, and he tried to stretch his arm round Antelope's neck. But Antelope he smiled sweetly, and he said, "We are not of a shape for friendship, for, as Shakspeare said, 'The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity.' Hands off, monster!"



And Elephant said, "I've tried to make friends with fifty people, and that fellow Shakspeare has been slandering me and all my family to all of them. And now this book says, 'He will never die, he is immortal!' There are no sweets for me in this life!"



Louis Wain.



And Elephant said, "What! Shake-Spear is not content with slandering me, but he must have my blood too! Monstrous! I'll fly!"



And they call Mr. Shake-Spear "Mahout" now. It's always a sore point for Elephant.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Walter Besant sails in the *Etruria* for New York on June 10. He will visit several cities in New England before proceeding to Chicago.

Richard Harding Davies, the American Kipling, as he has been not too aptly called, has completed a series of articles on the "Shores of the Mediterranean," and they will shortly be published by Messrs. Harper. They will all be illustrated.

The *Home Magazine*, I understand, is not to be published. I hear that the periodical the feature of which is to be detective stories by Dick Donovan will likely appear.

I regret to chronicle the death of an excellent magazine, *Two Tales*. It was issued weekly in a very neat and convenient form, and contained two stories always well above the average, but it was not sensational enough, apparently, to command a large circulation.

The June number of the *Bookman* contains an account of Mr. W. D. Howells's experiences in Venice.

No efforts will be spared to make the *Pall Mall Magazine* a success. It is stated on authority that the first number was remunerative, and that the orders for the second number are larger than those for the first.

A leading contributor to the ladies' papers says that what has most struck her in her journalistic experience is the extreme beauty of their editors.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co., New York, have commenced a monthly journal under the title of *Book Reviews*, mainly representing the interests of the firm. There will be a monthly book-list, in which all books received by the editor will be entered, but the name of the publisher will not appear. Why not?

A good popular life of Napoleon has long been a real want. Now the want has been supplied by Mr. O'Connor Morris, whose book, "Napoleon and the Military Supremacy of Revolutionary France" (Putnam), is just what the general reader of history needed. Very probably a reaction is setting in against the violent denunciation of the Emperor, which has been in vogue of late; but this reaction is likely to show itself first of all most strongly outside France. The fear of Bonaparte is not yet enough a thing of the past, though the stability of the Republic is making it safer every day to let some of the old pride in him revive.

It is not time yet, however, for a cool judgment. "Sa main est encore sur nous; des gestes magnifiques et furieux qu'a faits cette main nous jouissons et souffrons par mille fibres; allez donc peindre avec le détachement requis celui qui vous tient par tous vos nerfs!" So wrote a distinguished French man of letters only the other day—M. Melchior de Vogüé.

Mr. O'Connor Morris's study of Napoleon is well written, and calm and steady in its tone. The narrative part is excellent. He leans much more to admiration than to denunciation, slurring over some of the asperities of his character, some of his sinister qualities, emphasising as far as possible his patriotism, heroism, and generosity. Yet one of his intimates, whose memoirs have recently been published, said that Napoleon "n'avait jamais éprouvé un sentiment généreux." We shall never know the truth.

The "Poems by Two Brothers" (Macmillan) would make an excellent starting-point for a study in the boyhood of genius. The poems signed "A. T." are the more remarkable in various ways. But it is not in the thought they display that precocity is shown; it is rather in their range of subject and diversity of form. He seems to have had a thirst for universal information. Most of the notes, references to books, parallel passages from the classics and English poetry, are his, and these show an amount of reading in poetry, history, and newspapers most astonishing in even a genius of sixteen or seventeen.

Lord Tennyson's marvellous and subtle handling of the language is hardly foreshadowed here, and yet one sees that a rare dexterity, at least, was bound to be his, since his boyish ear was already so quick and true in catching the rhythm of other poets—of Moore, for instance—

I will hang thee, my harp, by the side of the fountain,
On the whispering branch of the lone-waving willow, &c.

or of Byron—

I call upon Cyrus! He comes from afar,
And the armies of nations are gather'd to war;
With the blood of thy children his path shall be red,
And the bright sun of conquest shall blaze o'er his head.

He had advanced a good step towards his own characteristic style by the time he wrote "Timbuctoo," also printed in this volume. I have been renewing its acquaintance, made long ago in an American pirated edition.

There is one poem of Charles Tennyson's which is especially quaint. It is called "Sunday Mobs," and begins—

Tho' we at times amid the mob may find
A beauteous face, with many a charm combin'd,
Yet still it wants the signature of mind.

Would he have said so had he been a boy in the days of Salvation Army gatherings and Hyde Park demonstrations, I wonder?

Messrs. Dent and Co. are apparently to publish all the standard novelists in the very tasteful shape which captivated the public in the case of Jane Austen. But it strikes one that Henry Fielding's works will hardly bear so well the style of treatment. They are to be published, however, in twelve volumes, with an introduction by Mr. Saintsbury. The statement which has appeared that Messrs. Dent's edition of the Brontë novels will contain a volume of unpublished letters is not correct.

O. O.

MISS OLIVE SCHREINER IN HER AFRICAN HOME.

Matjesfontein is the African home of Miss Olive Schreiner, who is now on a visit to England. Situated on the high plateau of the Winterburg range of mountains, it is about two hundred miles distant from Cape Town, on the main trunk line of railway connecting Kimberley and the interior with Cape Town. It cannot thus be said to be entirely isolated, for each passenger train usually stops here for fifteen to twenty minutes, when the whole village turns out to see the passengers, who are bound either for the Diamond City, the new El Dorado of the Transvaal, or the far, far distant Mashonaland. Apart from this "break," which only occurs once daily, there is absolutely nothing to stir the life of the few inhabitants of this highland village.

The Hex River Pass is, perhaps, the most important railway engineering feat in Cape Colony, the ascent of the mountain occupying fully two hours. Charming views of the surrounding bare, lofty mountain peaks and of the well-cultivated valley lying far below are continuously seen as the train wends its slow, serpentine course up the mountain sides. Once on the top, the train has a level, unbroken course of over a thousand miles before it, for now the great boundless Karoo is entered—"a weary waste expanding to the skies." Matjesfontein is situated on the borders of this Karoo, pictures of which the gifted authoress has so truthfully and vividly drawn for us.

Miss Schreiner invariably meets the train, and my first interview with her was on the station platform. My initial question, naturally, was, why had she chosen such an obscure and barren spot for her home, when such places as Wynburg, Rondebash, Claremont, the Paarl, &c., offered, possessing not only great beauty, but the great advantage of proximity to the metropolis of the Cape.

To this Miss Schreiner quickly replied that she loved the Karoo. It and the adjoining range of mountains had a special charm for her. "I was passing by here some years ago, and was struck with the peculiar formation of these mountains, and particularly with the red glow they reflected in the evening light, and I then mentally resolved that this spot should be my future home. The air blows keen and fresh here, and in the winter it snows heavily and is very cold. Then, again, it is so delightfully quiet; an intense stillness prevails, which I peculiarly feel and enjoy. I am isolated and yet in touch with the world. I receive my English and American letters within a few hours after their arrival at Cape Town."

Mentioning America, I ventured to ask Miss Schreiner if she had many readers of her works there.

"Yes," she replied, "the Americans and Australians have taken more kindly to my books than the British. I think they are much more poetical and imaginative than the average Britisher."

I suggested that perhaps the climate and nature of their country, corresponding as it did in parts with that of the Cape, enabled them to picture and understand her colonial scenes and incidents, particularly the Karoo plains, as no Britisher could.

"That may be," she said, "but the fact remains I have received more pleasing and appreciative letters from American and Australian friends than from anywhere else."

On asking her which was the favourite among her books, Miss Schreiner said she thought "Dreams," "but they are very dissimilar, and I love my first book dearly. Much that I have written in the 'Story of an African Farm' was composed when I was quite a girl."

On my suggesting the early British or German settlers as more attractive subjects than the Boer for her next colonial novel, "Ah," she replied, "I am fond of the Dutch subjects—not the modern Dutchman—but the old trek Bôers, who used to live for months and months in the wagon. Their ways and customs were very interesting, and, having travelled largely in South Africa, I have seen much of their nomadic life."

"An African Story" (a short tale which appeared many months since in the *South African College Journal*) I praised as being, in my estimation, the most perfect as well as the most powerful thing she had written, and expressed the hope that ere long she would give the world more of such colonial sketches. "These short stories," Miss Schreiner replied, "cost me about as much work and trouble as the larger works."

E. H. C.

OUR ARTIST AT THE OPERA.



Covent Garden Theatre, when it is well filled in the height of the season, is one of the most brilliant sights in the world, and the energy and keen-sightedness of Sir Augustus Harris have made brilliant and enthusiastic audiences invariable this season. With that up-to-dateness which distinguishes his managerial policy, he has made the present season memorable by giving full play to the remarkable development of the young school of Italian composers. Mascagni has long since made London his own by "Cavalleria Rusticana." Time was when "The Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana" were considered about the only operas which were absolutely certain of drawing an English audience. But Mascagni's work, especially when coupled with "Orfeo," undertaken by such wonderful artistes as the sisters Ravogli, has crowded the theatre on every occasion of its production, the intermezzo raising an amount of enthusiasm that a mixed audience has hitherto accorded almost only to the ballads by Balfe or the dashing songs of Don Caesar de Bazan. Yet Mascagni is but the beginning of a new era. Rarely has Covent Garden witnessed such enthusiasm as Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" has aroused, with its stirring story and its inseparable setting. The Italians, of course, have not the field to themselves. Such a work as Bizet's "Carmen," with its picturesque figures and its rousing choruses, still holds its own, as has been evidenced by the hearty reception it has got. The first appearance of M. Alvarez, the Paris Opera tenor, has lent an added interest to "Carmen," though Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson can hardly be considered so satisfactory as Madame Calvé, whose place she took on brief notice the other night. Covent Garden has had few more devoted visitors than the Prince of Wales, whose box, on the lowest tier near the stage, commands a splendid view of the house. The Duke of York accompanies his father very frequently. On the first night of "Pagliacci" the Duke became intensely interested in the thrilling story, and leaned eagerly forward, lest he should miss a single note. At the fall of the curtain there were no more enthusiastic applauders of Signor Leoncavallo's work than the occupants of the royal box.



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Aria, "Ah fors è lui" ("La Traviata"), Verdi.

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New Song, "The Exile," Liza Lehmann.

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Royal Albert Hall.

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will sing

Recit., "Deeper and deeper still" ("Jephtha"), Handel.

Air, "Waft her, Angels"

Song, "My Dreams," Tosti.

MADAME PATTI.—Royal Albert Hall.

Saturday, June 3, at 3 o'clock.

Mr. SANTLEY

will sing

New Song, "Queen of My Days," Ellen Wright.

Scotch Song, "Duncan Gray."

MADAME PATTI, Saturday, June 3, at 3 o'clock.

Royal Albert Hall.

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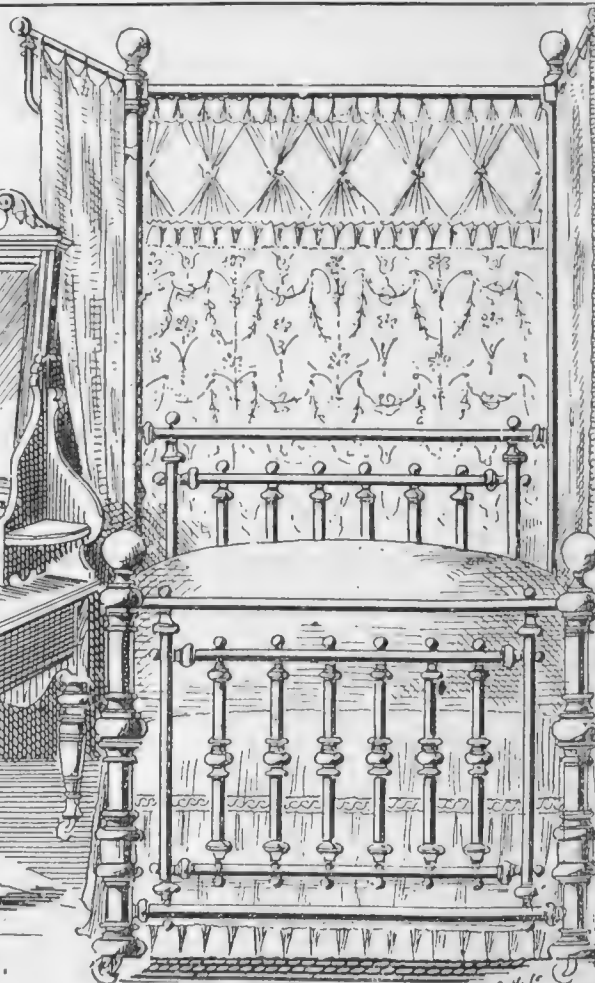
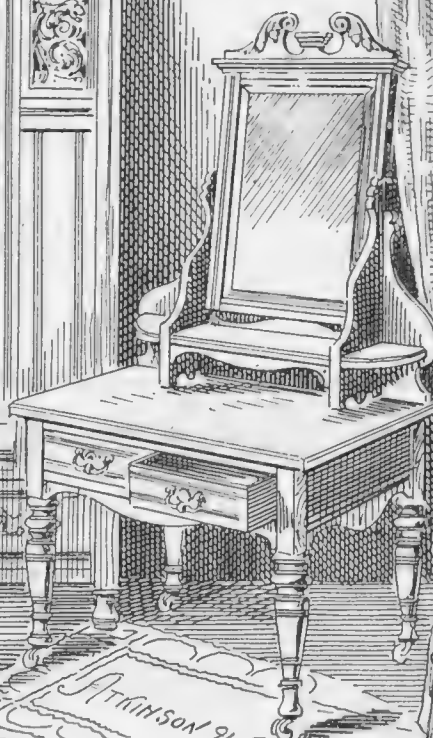
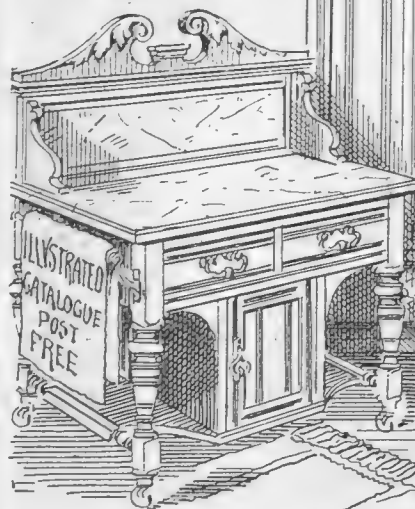


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CRICKET.

When some future historian of cricket is dealing with the great games that marked the close of the nineteenth century he will, in all probability, make a feature of that wonderful match recently played at Lord's between the Australians and the M.C.C.

Never, perhaps, has there been a game so full of exciting incident, of varying vicissitudes, of glorious uncertainty. On the first day of the match the Australian captain was supposed to have made a mistake when he put the club in to bat. Certainly the huge total of 424, compiled by

supporters hardly hoped for victory. Yet, thanks to the superb bowling of young Richardson, who captured fourteen wickets for 145 runs, on a perfect pitch, the county champions won easily enough by seven wickets. Besides bowling well, Lockwood also had a fair share of the honours with a fine innings of 63.

George Lohmann is expected home from the Cape in a fortnight. If his recent improvement in health be maintained, he will probably assist Surrey in one or two of her more important engagements.

There was a strong resemblance in the match between Sussex and Gloucestershire to that between the Australians and the M.C.C. In each match three centuries were scored, and the same exciting finish took place, with this difference, that Sussex won by just three runs. J. J. Ferris, who has failed lamentably as a bowler, obtained 106 and 47, while G. L. Wilson, on the other side, knocked up 18 and 105, and Bean batted well for 12 and 120. Humphreys' lobes were mainly responsible for the break-down of the Gloucester batsmen in the second innings. The old bowler, with his underhand ways, obtained seven wickets for 30.

Last season Kent was among the most disappointing of all the counties, but a change has come over the spirit of their dreams and their performances this year. In their opening match Kent beat a strong team of Lancashire by 80 runs; F. Marchant kept up his excellent form by scoring 35 and 76; while W. H. Patterson, the joint captain, obtained 89 for once out. To Walter Hearn, who obtained fifteen wickets for 114 runs, belong the chief honours of the match. It seems strange that Martin and Wright, Kent's regular bowlers, should not obtain a wicket between them.

Some matches of exceptional interest will be played during the coming week. At Lord's, to-morrow, Yorkshire will meet Middlesex, when one may anticipate one of those close, keen struggles associated with their matches. At Nottingham the home county will have an opportunity of wiping out the defeat they sustained at the hands of Somerset last year. Sussex will try their luck against Lancashire, and Gloucester will come up to receive their annual thrashing at the Oval against Surrey. At Oxford the 'Varsity eleven will fly at high game in the persons of the Australians, when I hope to see the boys fighting for their Alma Mater as in the days when T. C. O'Brien assisted them to beat the Cornstalks.

Next Monday the Australians will go on to Bradford to play their return match with Yorkshire, and this time I expect to see the visitors on the winning side. On the same day a great game should be seen at Lord's between Middlesex and Notts, while Kent will travel to Bristol for the purpose of beating Gloucestershire. At Cambridge, Surrey may have enough to do to beat the Light Blues, who have always been a thorn in the side of the county champions.

OLYMPIAN.



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.

J. LYONS.

the home side, gave some colour to the suggestion, but, as the wicket played perfectly up till within the last hour of the match, it is doubtful whether the M.C.C. were great gainers by going in first. To a first innings of 243 the Australians, following on, added 347, which left the club 167 to win.

With one wicket down for 86 the task seemed an easy one, but after the dismissal of "W. G." and A. E. Stoddart the wickets toppled over like ninepins, and at the close of the day the club still wanted fourteen runs to win with two wickets to fall. It is, of course, open to anyone to speculate on what would have happened had the game been played to a finish, but the most satisfactory ending in the circumstances was undoubtedly an even draw.

Apart from the exciting finish, the feature of the game was the magnificent batting of three men. On the side of the club, F. Marchant, the Kent amateur, played an exceedingly fine, though not faultless, innings for 103, while Flowers, the Notts professional, knocked up 130 by grand cricket, without giving a chance.

Undoubtedly fine as these two performances were, they pale their ineffectual fire before the dazzling brilliancy of the innings of Jack Lyons, who scored 149 in ninety-five minutes. If this be not a record for rapid scoring in first-class cricket, it must come precious near it, and certainly there has never been an innings in which so large a proportion of the runs were obtained in front of the wickets. The art of driving, which in recent years has been in danger of being lost, has certainly its finest exponent at the present time in the giant Australian, who, time and again, hit the ball straight to the boundaries or over the heads of the spectators. Such a performance as that of Lyons may not be met with more than once in a lifetime, and happy is the cricketer who can witness it once before he die.

From Lord's to Sheffield is a far cry, and the contrast between the two matches in which the Australians were engaged at these respective places could hardly be greater. Playing against Yorkshire on a bad wicket, the Australians were disposed of for 84 and 60, while Yorkshire, with 137 and 71, won the match by 64 runs. The only noteworthy feature of the match was the wonderful trundling of Trumble on the one side, and Wainwright and Peel on the other.

When it was known that Surrey would require to meet Notts without the assistance of Lohmann, Wood, and Maurice Read, her most sanguine



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.

W. FLOWERS.

"OTHELLO" AND POOR CHILDREN.

The theatre has seldom lent its aid to a more deserving cause than the Children's Country Holidays Fund, on behalf of which Miss Lily Hall Caine, a sister of the novelist, has appeared as Desdemona at St. George's Hall. Last year 25,568 London children were enabled to have a spell in the country of not less than a fortnight. When one



Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury-Street, S.W.

MISS LILY HALL CAINE AS DESDEMONA.

remembers that ten shillings can give a child such a rare pleasure, it would be surprising if the movement suffered from want of money. The performance of "Othello" given by Mr. Glossop Such at St. George's Hall was remarkable for Miss Caine's clever work as Desdemona.

AT BOULOGNE.

To any man engaged in a serious study of British characteristics, Boulogne at Whitsuntide would provide materials for several chapters. The town only seems to play at being French, except so far as the smells and fisher-girls are concerned. Both are peculiarly French. In this country we should neither tolerate the awful stench from the port at low tide, which compels one to sleep with windows closed, nor such a candid display of their charms as that of the fisher-maidens. Still, despite its lack of local colour, the place that the French pronounce "Booloin," the English "Boughlong," is pleasant enough at the feast of Pentecost, when everyone is gay. This year the festivities were damped, even drowned, by the rain on Sunday, for it rained sixteen hours, with only five minutes' pause for refreshments. So the Cavalcade, not being a water procession, gave it up till Monday.

The only way to give an idea of the Cavalcade is to use the Frenchman's "splendid, very good, not half bad." It was splendid to the fisher-folk, very good to the commercial "Boulonnais," and not half bad to the English, who had much fun out of its tawdry grandeur. Of course, if it had been equal to the official programme Sir Augustus might have quaked; but, in fact, it resembled a circus procession of second-rate order, and the bathing-machine horses were the fiery steeds that bore the "Cavaliers moyen âge."

The masked ball at the theatre was almost worth crossing in the Louise Dagmar, for the fisher-girls looked charming in their fancy dresses, and it is not necessary to go close enough to perceive the tremendous battle in their persons between the odour of the fish that they cannot wash off and the cheap scents they vainly use to drown it. It is delightful to see such honest gaiety and good-natured enjoyment as theirs in the dance. After all, it is some gain not to be aware that the music is atrocious, that the floor is up hill and down dale, and that you know nothing of dancing: on such terms you may thoroughly enjoy yourself where the fastidious would but groan.

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DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, May 27, 1893.

We are gratified to hear that you took our advice and went off for your holiday without troubling yourself any further about the price of stocks and shares, in the full assurance that upon your return you would find things at least no worse than when you went away. On the whole, the position has distinctly improved, and if we get over the coming account without any serious failures we fully expect an even more cheerful state of affairs to supervene.

At the moment of writing, the thought which is uppermost in everybody's mind, if not upon their lips, is the approaching settlement and the chances of several operators—whose names are not quite such a dead secret as they should be—surviving the ordeal. It is always the unexpected which happens on the Stock Exchange, and at such a time as the present it is more than ever difficult to forecast the future, because when the sky seems almost clear a cloud blows up in the shape of a fresh colonial bank failure or a speech from the German Emperor, which in a morning alters the whole complexion of matters, and sends those who came to the City most buoyant back from their offices with long faces before evening.

How bad the state of matters really is in Australia we only pick up by various side-winds, such as the proposals of the New South Wales Government for enabling persons whose current accounts have been kept at any of the suspended banks to obtain advances up to one-half the balance standing to their credit at the date of suspension. Desperate diseases demand drastic remedies, we have been told, and surely of all the heroic measures ever suggested in any country this last proposal of Mr. Dibbs and his Cabinet is the most heroic; it is only in a country suffering from the acutest form of financial crisis that such a measure could be seriously brought before Parliament, much less passed into law without so much as the form of discussion. In addition to this we have a meeting of the Prime Ministers of the other colonies, and, in fact, all the indications of a position far worse than the telegrams would lead the world to suspect. In the days of the Argentine crisis we were told that we could not expect the truth from Spanish Americans, but it now seems as if even from our own people in Australia we can only get at it by inference.

The rise which has taken place in colonial bonds is, we think, probably justified in some cases by intrinsic merit, but it has come too quickly, and is bound to induce realisation to secure profits. As to the colonial banks which have weathered the storm—their names are not legion, dear Sir—it is very easy to point out what magnificent opportunities they will have of doing the cream of the business in future; but it would be a great mistake to forget that even in their case the whole, or practically the whole, of the English and Scottish deposits will, by degrees, be withdrawn, and that their capacity for making money will so far be reduced, so that for the present, at least, we cannot help thinking the shares have rebounded quite enough.

All sorts of financial rumours are in circulation, and we still think that the wise man, whether speculator or investor, would do well to hold his hand and curtail his commitments, certainly for another week or so, until the air is very much clearer than it is in Capel Court at present. If it were only the utter disorganisation of the American market and the very unsatisfactory outlook among international stocks, we might not feel that so much; but probably, at no distant date, we shall know the truth or falsehood of not a few of the disquieting stories that are passing from mouth to mouth about several of the large financial and industrial concerns of purely home origin. The heavy drop in Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation shares has been ascribed in most quarters to the fear that the company is committed to the insurance of colonial bank deposits, which, as a fact, is utterly untrue. It neither holds any bank shares, nor has it insured one single deposit in any one of the suspended institutions. There may be a screw loose with the concern, but it is not in this direction; at the same time, there are financial undertakings, whose names we will not repeat—even to so discreet a correspondent as yourself, dear Sir—whose insurances of colonial bank deposits will probably bring about suspension or heavy calls upon their shareholders.

Some months ago we told you that satisfactory arrangements were in course of being made between the Corporation of Oamaru and the bondholders, and we are happy to say that within the last few weeks the matter has been practically completed. The whole of the municipal loans will, by Act of the New Zealand Legislature, be consolidated on a 5 per cent. basis, and we consider the bonds—not those of the Harbour Board—very cheap and good, buying at about 80 or 85, at which price some clients of our own have doubled their former holdings.

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

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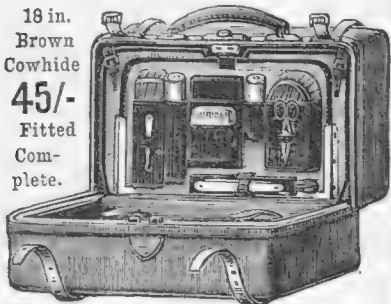
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RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The chief actors in the Epsom drama this week are worthy a few remarks at my hands. First, then, the stewards of the meeting are, the stewards of the Jockey Club for the time being and Lord Rosebery, who is a permanent steward of this meeting (as is Lord March of the Goodwood Meeting) by virtue of his being Lord of the Manor of Epsom. I could never quite see why the stewards of the Jockey Club should act at the open meetings and not at the enclosures; but so it is. The time may and probably will come when, at least, one steward of the Jockey Club will be appointed at every fixture. Until then we shall find heavy lists, such as at Derby, with fifteen runners printed on the card, or light ones as at Brighton, with two only, and occasionally no steward to be found to settle an objection.

The Clerk of the Course and Handicapper at Epsom is Mr. H. M. Dorling, whose family have been connected with racing for many years. Mr. Dorling is a keen man of business, is possessed of telling administrative ability, and has the happy knack of earning fat dividends for the shareholders. Mr. Dorling is a most successful handicapper; the



MR. DORLING, CLERK OF THE COURSE AT EPSOM.

puzzles he gives us both at Brighton and Epsom are simply unanswerable, and he must be a great student of form. Mr. Dorling has recently been elected to the Epsom Board of Health. He has also of late had the management of the gallop on the Downs, and the local trainers already see the good that has been done under his *régime*. Of course, with a big meeting like Epsom in progress, it is absolutely impossible to please everybody, and, as often as not, one or two acid pens are used to belittle the management; but it must in truth be said that Mr. Dorling makes the most of the material at hand, and he can well afford to exclaim, "Let those laugh who win." Racecourse duties do not monopolise the whole of Mr. Dorling's time. He carries on a large business in the City as a wholesale paper manufacturer, so the wonder is how he can manage to spare a few minutes each day to size up the form. Method is Mr. Dorling's battle-cry, and we can now see that the man of method, oftener than not, becomes the man of metal. At least, Mr. Dorling has, and more power to his elbow, say I.

I fancy I should become nervous if asked to judge the Derby, and I am certain on occasion I should give a wrong decision where short heads and necks were concerned. It is a lucky thing that the important post is held by such a capable man as Mr. Robinson, who acquired his experience under the eagle eye of Mr. Clark. It is only necessary to glance at Mr. Robinson in the box to see that nothing short of the charge of the Light Brigade would unnerve him, and even then I believe he would be hunting for the winning colours. Mr. Robinson always masters his business, so to speak, before the start takes place. As the horses parade and canter, he takes stock of each and every one, any change in the colours worn by the jockey causing a mental note to be made right off. I have seen Judge Robinson get a little fidgety after several false starts; but once the advance flag falls he pulls himself together and immediately commences to get the race-glasses in order. As they near the straight he has to perform the double feat of opening his eyes and shutting his ears as the names of a dozen certain winners are shouted from the rings. As the horses near the distance, down

go the glasses, and the eye is put on the mark. Now comes the finish, and in a twinkling the decision is given, and, I may here add, that decision gives universal satisfaction in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, while in the odd 'un the future has always proved the judge to have been right. Mr. Robinson is a man of the highest respectability. In private life he has, until recently, followed agricultural pursuits. He has a brother who is a well-known West-End doctor.

I cannot leave the question of the Judge without saying a few words about Mr. ex-Judge Clark, who was so long and honourably connected with the Turf. Mr. Clark carries his years well after a half-century of constant travelling—here, there, and everywhere. The old gentleman recently suffered from indisposition, but I am glad to hear that he is better. It may not be generally known that Mr. Clark married Mr. Robinson's sister, while Mr. Robinson married Mr. Clark's daughter. Mr. Clark was a celebrated architect in his young days, and no wonder he could judge so exactly of the distances races were won by. If the ex-Judge would only give us a book, say, "Fifty Years on the Racecourse," it would be read with interest by all votaries of the Turf, both of the old and the young school, especially if it contained a few chapters about jockeys and their riding.

One of the most important positions on the racecourse is that of Clerk of the Scales, and in Mr. W. C. Manning the Jockey Club have an able official, who does his work thoroughly and quickly. When, say, five-and-twenty horses have to be weighed out for a race it is necessary that some little discipline should be enforced. Mr. Manning, although not wishing to rule with a rod of iron, insists all the time on asserting his authority, thus the success of his department. The official Clerk of the Scales is a young, good-looking man. He comes of a highly respectable Newmarket family. We are told it is possible to prove anything by figures, and Mr. Manning should be able to prove a lot, as he is all the time dabbling with them.

It is truly wonderful how the telegraphic arrangements in connection with our chief race meetings have been improved within the last decade, and much credit in this respect is due to Mr. Mason, who supervises this particular department, to the complete satisfaction of the newspapers. Mr. Mason is not easily upset, although at meetings like Epsom, Ascot, and Goodwood he has a lot of people to please. It is amazing how few mistakes are made by the operators during a race meeting, despite the fact that some of the messages handed in are simply unreadable except to the "initiated." Mr. Mason is to be seen at the majority of the meetings. He is a spare little man, and is very popular with the Press and public alike.

Isinglass, who is expected to gain an easy victory in the Derby, has plenty of winning blood in his veins, as his pedigree denotes, but it is a remarkable fact that, taking his sire's side, we find that Isonomy's pedigree does not denote winning at Epsom, as we have to go back to 1834 to find an ancestor of Isonomy's a winner at Epsom. This was Plenipotentiary, who was successful in 1831. On the other hand, if we trace the pedigree of Dead Lock, the dam of Isinglass, it is possible to discover several winners of the Blue Riband. Thus, Orlando won in 1844 and Flying Dutchman in 1849, while the sire of the last-named, Bay Middleton, won in 1836. Then, Priam won in 1830. The only ancestress of Isinglass who has won the Oaks is Industry, who was successful in 1838.

THE BALLET GIRL AS A DUCHESS.

The recent marriage between Duke Ludwig of Bavaria and the ballerina Antonia Barth, of the Munich Court Theatre, makes the third morganatic marriage in German princely houses within a year. First, we have Prince Ernst of Saxe-Meiningen marrying the author Wilhelm Jensen's daughter, Prince Heinrich of Hesse coming next with Fräulein "Milena," of the Royal Opera, Darmstadt; thirdly, Duke Ludwig, sixty-one years of age, with his youthful bride of twenty-one summers. The Duke, by-the-way, is actually the head of the Ducal Palatine line of the famous house of Wittelsbach, but renounced his rights in favour of his brother, younger by eight years, Duke Carl Theodor, the famous oculist, when in 1857 he espoused the Freifrau von Wallersee, the actress Mendel. Through this renunciation he lost a large portion of his income, but retained an appanage. He has besides a salary as a general of cavalry, and is in receipt of an allowance from his sister, the Empress of Austria. After the death of his wife, in 1891, he mixed greatly in theatrical circles, and was often seen in conversation with the two sisters Barth, engaged in the ballet. The latter lived with their mother, their father, who is a mechanic, having "disappeared" about fourteen years ago, after a violent scene with his employer, by whom he considered himself injured and ill-treated. Thus the mother stood alone with her little girls, and attempted to make a living by sewing. She subsequently succeeded in placing them in an orphanage, whence they were apprenticed to the *corps de ballet* of the Opera House. The girls are described as smart and diligent by their associates—the eldest, Antonia (now married to Duke Ludwig), being a pale, somewhat anæmic-looking brunette, with a calm temperament, whereas her sister has a rosy colour, and lively, boisterous disposition. Fräulein Barth has been ennobled by the Prince Regent as Frau von Bartolf.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

I hardly knew where I was when I went into Peter Robinson's, in Regent Street, the other day, as, for the moment, I had forgotten that he had been extending his premises, and, even had I remembered it, I should not have been prepared for such great alterations and additions. First of all; there is a new millinery department, full of lovely novelties; a ladies' outfitting department, where the daintiest and most fascinating garments can be viewed in perfect seclusion and privacy; and then, in another part, there are bewildering assortments of sunshades, blouses, and lace goods, and other tasteful additions to the toilet. The handsome mantle show-rooms have also been enlarged, and are more imposing than ever. There is a beautifully arranged hydraulic lift, to take you to the costume and other show-rooms upstairs, and to the charming new fitting-rooms, which are the very perfection of comfort. They are most

of pretty fancy gimp, and the full bodice is arranged with a round yoke covered with lace, and puffed sleeves, with a frill of lace below the shoulder and another at the elbow. The draped waistband is very becoming to the figure.

I was also struck by some very smart and pretty gowns of satin foulard, the skirts being trimmed with a flounce of lace, and the bodices arranged with shoulder frills of lace and yokes of silk insertion covered with lace. One in black, spotted with pale blue and trimmed with lace and blue silk, was particularly effective. If you want to see these gowns for yourself, you should go to the costume department upstairs, which is devoted to evening gowns, afternoon dresses, and costumes for smart occasions generally. It is only up one flight of stairs; but, still, I should advise you to make use of the lift, simply for the sake of the pleasure of being in such a cosy, luxurious, little compartment, which is thoroughly in keeping with its surroundings.



luxuriously fitted up, each compartment being separated by plush curtains, while by the windows are placed most rest-inviting lounges, where ladies who are tired with the pleasant exertion and excitement of trying on their gowns can recline at their ease and watch the thronging crowds beneath in Regent Street. Writing-desks, pens, and paper are also provided, and altogether Mr. Peter Robinson has done everything in his power to ensure the comfort of his clients. I should advise you to go and have a look over the premises for yourself.

On my way out I fell a victim to the attractions of the two smart gowns which I have had sketched for you. The evening dress is of soft tea-rose yellow silk, the skirt covered with narrow frills of serpentine chiffon in delicate shades of pink, the effect of the combined colours being indescribably beautiful. The bodice is of the silk, with a full vest of chiffon, three frills of the same material forming the sleeves. Round the waist is a band of yellow velvet, fastened with a double rosette. Another gown, made in the same way, but with rather deeper flounces, was of pale yellow silk, the chiffon being in a deeper shade of the same colour. The afternoon or garden-party gown is delightfully "summery" looking in its charming simplicity. It is of pale mauve foulard, with a design of tiny yellow and pink roses, the foliage forming a large diamond-shaped pattern. The skirt is edged with a festooned flounce of creamy white lace, headed by a narrow band

So much for gowns this week, and now for some millinery: we have not had any for some time, and I expect you will be wanting some suggestions for summer hats and bonnets. I discovered the hats which have been sketched at Mrs. Farey's, 231, Regent Street, and I must give them the place of honour and describe them first. The 1830 bonnet, which forms an exquisite frame for a pretty, youthful face, and would yet not be out of place on a woman of more mature years, is of drawn black jetted lace, the crown bound round with broad silk ribbon in bishops' purple, fastened at the back with a jet and amethyst ornament, and continued into long strings. The trimming in front consists of a large butterfly bow of the ribbon, with two black ostrich tips in the centre caught by a jet pin, while a bandeau of velvet rests on the hair underneath.

One of the hats is of pale coffee-coloured Leghorn, the brim being lined near the crown with pale blue velvet, a rosette of the same resting on the hair. The crown is edged with upstanding pleats of velvet, two wired ends of fine white lace being placed at the back and continued in a bow. A loose cluster of Gloire de Dijon roses is artistically placed in front. The other hat is of biscuit-coloured rustic plaited straw, with a Leghorn crown, encircled by a twist of green velvet, which forms two high loops at the back. In the front is an upright spray of roses and buds, shading from pale pink to dark crimson, and intermixed with

[Continued on page 277.]

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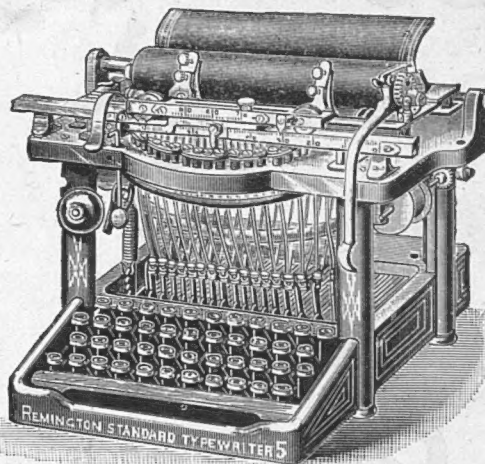
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a green and black osprey. A rouleau of velvet and mignonette is placed underneath the brim, a drooping cluster of rosebuds at the back falling on the hair. We seem likely to have a reign of roses as absolute and extensive as that of the violets, which we have almost, if not quite, forgotten by now. All the new hats and bonnets are adorned with one



or other variety of the Queen of Flowers, and they are carried out with such marvellous accuracy and wonderful finish that I almost fancy Nature's productions must sometimes imagine that the offsprings of Art are their own near relations.

I must, in conclusion, mention a lovely, rustic-looking hat of cream and green straw, trimmed with bows of red velvet and clusters of cherries, and a beautiful bonnet of gold lace, trimmed with blush-pink roses and accordion-pleated lace, and finished off with black velvet strings.

And now I must tell you about a letter which came to me the other day all the way from Russia. It is written by a man, and, as I think it will certainly amuse and interest you, here it is—

MADAM,—It is to such as you I wish to appeal, for by the context of your epistle in *The Sketch* of Feb. 22 I see you must be a person with taste. I love and adore pretty women, and though, as ill-luck will have it, I am (as one of my friends observed) beginning to look like a valuable beaver—in spite of this, in spite of age and grey hairs, I love to see a pretty woman, and, besides, a pretty woman well dressed. But where, oh! where are the prettily dressed women? They belong to the memories of fifteen to twenty years ago. And I will tell you why I say so. Take, for instance, Miss Fanny B.'s gown, which you admire so much. How can a dress be beautiful which makes the shoulders twice the breadth they should be and hides the beautiful form of the arms? Take your "smart gown" in *The Sketch* of March 15, page 446. Shall I tell you what I think of it? It is a lovely design for a pen-wiper. Women of to-day dress themselves like windmills—broad above, then narrow, then broad below. Go and ask an artist what dress should be. Should it be at right angles to the body, or should the lines be flowing and express the curves of the body? Then you say "tight shoes or boots are a misery." Quite so. I must confess to being a very great admirer of pretty feet. And let me tell you that no woman on earth



can get a ready-made boot or shoe to fit her properly, excepting by the merest chance. A pretty boot or shoe is not to be found in a hurry, and ladies may seek long, even in great London or Paris, before they find a bootmaker who can and will make a boot or shoe to fit well. He must first make you a last, then make a pair of shoes on it, correct it again, and then only should he be allowed to make a pair of boots, which, again, will require the last to be corrected. When a perfect fit has been obtained, keep to your bootmaker, and make him keep to the last. A boot should fit like a glove. I know that I am spoilt, but I never will allow any woman I have authority over, either wife or daughter, to wear a boot or shoe, thick or thin, unless it is lined throughout with good satin. Try it once, then tell me what you think. "Oh!" you say, "the expense!" Nonsense; if you have your boots and shoes made by a good bootmaker you will be tired of them far sooner than you will wear them out. The first expense is double what you would pay for ready-made, but the wear and comfort you get out of them will make you forget when you ordered them.

Of course, I can say nothing against the present fashions, as they hide the figure so entirely that the deformed and badly shaped women, in the hands of the cunning dressmaker, can be made into living windmills or pen-wipers, and you can see nothing.

One word more: look at the "new cape." Tell me what ladies look like in it. Why, like link-bearers or beadies in the time of Hogarth, or like the present mutes in Germany, or the hansom-cab driver on a wet day in London. Certainly, a more unladylike covering could not be devised; and that you call beautiful! Oh, woman! why wilt thou hide thy form divine? How nice it is to walk behind a lady now on a rainy day. Her cloak reaches two inches or more on the ground, sweeps all the wet, and looks the picture of beauty; then her long dress is held up in a way that makes a lump under her cloak. It rouses my worst feelings: it looks so beautiful! It is almost as beautiful as the ladies who are going to wear their skirts five inches off the ground. There is moderation in all things: the woman who has a dress just long enough, and not too long, just long enough to allow a glimpse of a lovely foot when she steps, but not all, that makes you long for another look, and still you cannot quite see it—this, to my mind, is the perfection of length of dress. The suggestive, not the



crude, should always be the theme in woman's dress. And how beautifully you can dress, and how badly you do dress now! If you were to make dots on the extreme limits of the picture of a present dress and join them by straight lines, it would remind one of some mathematical problem to square the circle instead of the beautiful curve. Look at the figure on the cover of *The Sketch*, and you will see what I mean. Surely, we shall look on the fashions of 1893 in 1937 as we now look on the fashions of 1849 on page 423 in *The Sketch* of March 15. Surely, Madam, the ladies of to-day are like your beautiful jewellery. Are they all so beautiful that you cannot tell the real, or are they all false jewels? I would not dare to write so plainly if I did not act the coward and hide myself under the name of

GREY BEAVER.

Now, what do you think of that? Well, let me give you my ideas on the subject. First, then, I think that "Grey Beaver's" remarks about boots and shoes most sensible, and I shall certainly adopt his suggestion about the satin-lining, which must, I imagine, be delightfully comfortable. As to all the hard things which he says about the gowns and capes on which I have prided myself so much, there is certainly a large amount of truth in them, for I must admit that fashion has gone to too great extremes lately, and the result is sometimes almost grotesque. On the other hand, much as I admire the lady who adorns the cover of *The Sketch*, I should be very sorry to appear in a similar costume, and I am convinced that to the vast majority of women it would be eminently unbecoming. I am afraid that we shall go on in the same old way, and our sleeves will get bigger and our skirts wider till a reaction comes, and we fly to the other extreme. I appreciate "Grey Beaver's" remarks, because it is so exceptional to find a man who takes any comprehending notice of a woman's dress—most of them simply take in the general effect, and if, on the whole, it is pleasing they don't go into details. Well for us that it is so, for women are adepts in the art of dissecting each other's gowns and bringing the tiniest flaw to light, so we don't want the men to follow in our footsteps in this respect. I am afraid, therefore, that I shall have to continue to offend "Grey Beaver's" ideas of artistic beauty. I must thank "Grey Beaver," all the same, for his kind interest; perhaps at some future time I shall be able to meet his views.

FLORENCE.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION BILLIARD-PLAYER.

A CHAT WITH FRANK C. IVES.

All interested in billiards will by this time probably be cognisant of the conditions under which, after considerable negotiation, the plucky young American, Frank C.

Ives, of Chicago, the champion of the American and French carambole game, proposes to encounter our champion, J. Roberts.

Having had a chat some few weeks ago with Roberts, I felt peculiar interest in meeting the gentleman who will endeavour to haul down the Union Jack here on British green cloth and replace it by the Stars and Stripes. With that object I called in at Messrs. Burroughes and Watts's, Soho Square, where Ives is practising on a specially made table, and where I had an opportunity of watching Mr. Ives's play and of smoking a cigar with him after he had put up his cue. I shall not criticise his play or style in any



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N. W.
F. C. IVES.

detail beyond remarking that he plays cannons with marvellous dexterity, apparently recklessly, in open order all over the table, and he seldom uses the "rest," while his *massé* strokes are a remarkable feature in his play.

"It was 'real smart,' as you say on your side of the water, to arrange your match during the Derby week, but you have your work cut out for you if you mean to beat Roberts," I remarked.

"So I am told," replied the youth, for Ives is not more than seven-and-twenty. "However, I can but try. I mayn't win; but I'll bet one thousand pounds and stake it that I make a bigger break than Roberts."

"And what has hitherto been your biggest?"

"Well, I made 3372 off cannons at home, where a cannon counts one, remember."

"Prodigious, indeed! Of course, you depend for victory on the cannon game?"

"Why, certainly; till five months ago, I had never pocketed a ball."

"But you have been a billiard-player some time, of course?"

"Only five years last November. Before that I used to ride steeple and flat races, till I got a bit too heavy. Then I went in for cycling, and won the championship at Michigan on a 52½-in. racer. Afterwards I took to base-ball professionally. Look here at my hands. Do you see, I haven't a single finger that's straight," said he, as he held out his hands, distorted and twisted from dislocations and fractures.

"And since you have taken to billiards what have you done?"

"Well, let me see; my first contest was against professionals in Chickering Hall, New York, in the year '90, when I tied for the fourth money. I broke all their records, while my grand average was larger than that of the winner. The next year I played at Chicago against Schaefer and Slosson. I beat Slosson and Schaefer beat me. My next match was against McClery, at San Francisco, when I gave him a start of 1000 in 3000, and I defeated him easily. Then I met Carter at Chicago, and beat him by twenty-two points for the championship, Schaefer and Slosson being barred, and afterwards, at Milwaukee, I played him again, when I put up 600 to his 183, and my average was 30, the highest record in America. My next opponent was Schaefer, whom I challenged for the championship, and I beat him by 301 points in a game of 800 up. This led to my being challenged by Slosson three days afterwards, when the final score was 800 to 488. At the first call he was 136 and I was only 10. My average in the 800 game was the highest on record, namely, 26 2-3."

"And you don't feel nervous at meeting our champion, Roberts? You have seen him play, of course?"

"No, not a stroke. As to being nervous, well, you must be that to a certain extent when you're playing for money and reputation, but after the first go off I'm better when playing for a stake than for fun. But I'm a bit shy of those confounded pockets, I admit," he said, with a laugh.

"Of course, the reduction of the pockets to 3½ in., the increased size of the balls to 2½ in. diameter, the dimensions of the table, 12 ft. by 6 ft., and the abolition of the push stroke are concessions made in your interest?"

"Why, certainly. Otherwise, you bet, I shouldn't have a ghost of a chance. I guess as it is I sha'n't have much, but I mean to try all the same."

T. H. L.

BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

England v.
America
at Billiards.

Before these lines are in print John Roberts and Frank C. Ives, the American champion, will be hard at it on the table at Knightsbridge. "Six thousand points up, spot strokes and push strokes barred," are the conditions of the match. Personally, I find it hard to imagine that barring of anything whatever would be likely to cripple Roberts, starting on even terms. When he lately found Dawson a bit too many for him the reason was obvious enough. Not only did he start by giving an immense concession, but received during the progress of the game news of a domestic affliction that was in itself a most sad and disturbing influence. Nothing impresses one who watches Roberts's play so much as the consummate ease and nonchalance of the man, and the impression of reserve power conveyed by all he does. The most "impossible" situations, and such as are watched by the audience with bated breath, are defeated and converted into three figures three times over, apparently, without a thought. I had gone with a sporting friend—one of the first dozen shots of the day—to see the now historic match with Peall, and I shall not easily forget the *furor* of excitement that followed one of Roberts's miracles, nor the enthusiasm with which my friend exclaimed, "By Jove, what a moral that man would make of rocketing pheasants!"

Breeding
Hunters.

A correspondent, writing to me for advice, tells me that he is "going in for breeding hunters, and has spent the last two months in scouring the country for brood mares." Looking at the prices realised by first-rate hunters, and the great advantages he himself has of splendid feed in a limestone country, he is certain that his venture will be found to pay. I may say at once that I am certain it will not. In the first place, breeding is a science of the ins-and-outs, of which even the most successful men will tell you they know very little, when all is said and done. It is not enough to buy what are called "good, roomy mares." You may buy the best-looking and roomiest mare that ever threw a foal, you may mate her with the finest sires, and yet the result may be failure. Verily, I believe there is nothing so uncertain and disappointing as breeding hunters. You may, of course, try for hunters, and breed something else—quite possibly a commonplace sort of harness nag or hack. But, in the first place, it is exceedingly difficult to buy good hunter mares. A hunter mare that is worth anything in the field is not likely to be sold for brood purposes. Of course, if a mare should get smashed up badly she is then available; but there is often the chance that she may transmit some weakness to her progeny. On the whole, if I wanted to dabble in horse-breeding, I should be far more strongly inclined to go for something smaller. By buying a few smart Exmoor mares and putting them to some little horse of about the cut of, say, Fiddle-and-I, you have a better range of chances before you.

The
May-fly on.

Since I wrote last week the rain has really come, and the May-fly has done some good work. I had two or three days on some very fair water in Gloucestershire and Wilts. But everything is upside down this year. It was absolutely impossible to tell whether the fly was coming on or going off. Everywhere it was very patchy—"platty," as they say of corn. At times the fish took fairly well, but at about five o'clock in the evening they began the old game of fly-drowning—rising, not to feed but to smack at the floating fly with their tails, as if trying to drown them. One fine trout when caught opened his mouth to reveal the curious fact that he was literally stuffed up to the lips with minnows. I think this year anything that sinks or swims will take the trout. No, not anything. Can anyone tell me, by-the-way, what success they have had with that May-fly, sold so much now in the tackle-shop, of which the wings are made of a kind of gauze? The imitation, I grant, is perfect. The fault, to my thinking, is in the stiffness of the wings, which either frightens the fish or prevents the hooks from penetrating satisfactorily.

Introduction
of Foreign
Game Birds.

From time to time we hear suggestions that English shooting might be made far more interesting by the introduction of some Indian, African, or other species. Last year it was a pheasant from the Himalayas that was recommended; now it is the South African guinea fowl (*Numida cornuta*). There is little doubt that this bird would quickly increase its numbers if introduced here, and, therefore, I venture to hope its admirers will pause before they try the experiment. The introduction of the red-leg partridge by a certain monarch of unhappy memory has not been attended with results the most encouraging. Whether this bird is really guilty of the sin with which it is commonly credited—namely, that of driving our own grey partridge off her nest, and even off the ground that once was her own—I am not able to say. But at its best the red-leg is not a desirable bird. All the faults of the red-leg the guinea fowl has—only *more so*. One of the most amusing instances with which I ever met was the establishment of jungle fowl in some fairly large coverts. The day had been a good one, and we were all much excited, for just as a last beat it was, "Now let us have a turn at the jungle fowl." All went well up to a certain point. The bird rose at your feet. You gave him just enough law to enable him to get the necessary distance, up went your gun, and then chanticler dropped into a tree, shook out his hackles, and said, "Cock-a-doodle do!" Who could shoot the bird after that?